The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

The Mifflinburg *Telegraph* and Lewisburg *News* have taken to pulling each others hair. Keep on boys, you'll both end with baldness.

Gov. Pattison, on Wednesday, was up at State College to inspect that institution. On his return he spent an hour at the Brockerhoff house, Bellefonte, where many called and shook hands with the reform governor.

The following account of the Governor's trip is given by a Harrisburg correspondent:

At a late hour, to-night, Governor Pattison returned from his trip to the State College, where he had been with Dr. E. E. Higbee, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, to act in conjunction with Dr. Atherton, the President, as a committee to ascertain and report upon the feasibility of combining the studies so that a larger part of the income can be used for agricultural purposes. At the time the committee was appointed it was claimed the agricultural interests of the State demanded a more satisfactory running of experimental farms in Chester and Indiana counties, and that there was needed at the State College a thoroughly competent superintendent of theoretical and practical agriculture; also that the college should be made a more thorough agricultural institution. The committee, at a meeting, recommend a decrease of the faculty from seventeen to ten, and that the fund saved thereby be used in the direction indicated and also for needed repairs.

During yesterday the Governor and Dr. Higbee were escorted through the chemical, physical, botanical and zoological departments of the college which were found to be well conducted. They were also conveyed to different parts of the college farm. The 180 plots of ground on the central experimental farm, in care of Prof. W. H. Jordan, on which various kinds of grain are being grown by different modes of cultivation, fertilizing, etc., proved particularly interesting to the Governor, who also inspected the cattle, the barns, the orchards and the various fields of the 400 acres comprising the farm.

The Governor was honored at the college with a salute of seventeen guns, and at Bellefonte, on his return, the citizens turned out in large numbers to greet him.

A Long Island woman lived very sparingly and saved $1200 so she could have a grand funeral out of the fund She made a will directing that she should be clothed in a suit of white and that her body should be placed in a solid rosewood coffin, with six silver handles and a silver plate bearing her name and age. The hearse was to be drawn by six horses and there were to be six pallbearers, with white gloves and white scarfs. The interest on the balance remaining after payment of these charges was to be paid to some person for keeping her grave in order.

The *Republican* talks of a quilt of Mrs. A. S. Walker, up the valley, with 10,000 patches in it, and says the CENTRE REPORTER claims it as a Democratic quilt. No such thing—the Democratic party is one patch, a lasting one, all through; the Republican party is all patches and the quilt of 10,000 patches fittingly charactérises it. It has the whig patch, know-nothing patch, anti-mason patch, federalist patch, abolition patch, star-route patch, Belknap patch, fraud Hayes patch, third-term patch, &c., &c., until all of good Mrs. Walker's patches have a name; to sleep under that quilt will bring on night-mare. Democratic ladies don't fool away time putting 10,000 patches on a quilt.

A man by the name of Joice, in Chicago, 80 years old, of stout frame, claims to have drank 2000 barrels of whiskey in his life-time. He estimates that he drank on an average about 90 drinks of whisky per day, which, according to his estimate of the size of the portion swallowed each time, must have amounted to about 2,000 barrels. For many years Mr. Joice has been sober, and even abstemious, his dissipation having occurred at the other end of his long life. He says he drank the best whisky he could find, but thinks his preservation is due rather to his excellent constitution than the quality of the distillation absorbed by it. He was never drunk to his knowledge, he says, but he often "felt good." He is not sorry he drank it, but if he had to live his life over again he would not touch it. When he began to drink he was keeping a paying saloon in Boston. From that he went into the wholesale liquor business. He is now penniless and dependent.

Subscribe for the Reporter for great presidential campaign.

The Philad. *Record* says the capital stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has been increased 25,000,000 in the past three years, and so rapidly has it passed into hands of permanent holders that there is less of the stock in brokers' hands now than there was at any time. The capital stock is over $90,000,000, in nearly 2,000,000 shares, and the daily trading in it in Philadelphia does not average over 1000 shares. The English are large holders of the stock, and at the time of the last dividend about $1,000,000 was paid on this account to representatives of English holders. About 20,000 shares have been transferred to English account since the dividend. The largest individual stock-holder of the company is a Greek merchant living in London, who holds 15,000 shares. Wm. Thaw, one of the Directors of the company, holds 11,000 shares; I. V. Williamson, a Director of the Reading, has 8000 shares, and H. Pratt McKern is credited with holding nearly as much.

NEW YORK THE BATTLE GROUND.

The Chicago *Herald* insists that New York must be made the battle ground by the Democracy in the coming Presidential campaign. The *Herald* says: Under the new Congressional apportionment the various states will at the next election have four hundred and one electoral votes, of which two hundred and one will be necessary to a choice. Four years ago the following named states gave their votes for Hancock and English:

Alabama	10	Nevada	3
Arkansas	6	New Jersey	9
California	5	North Carolina	10
Delaware	3	South Carolina	6
Florida	5	Tennessee	12
Georgia	11	Texas	8
Kentucky	12	Virginia	11
Louisiana	8	West Virginia	5
Maryland	5		
Mississippi	8	Total	155
Missouri	15		

By the new apportionment additional votes were given to the above mentioned States as follows:

Arkansas	1	South Carolina	2
California	2	Texas	5
Georgia	3	Virginia	1
Kentucky	1	West Virginia	1
Missouri	1		
Mississippi	1	Total	17
North Carolina	1		

Adding this increased vote to that cast in 1880 gives the strength of the Democrats in the electoral college at 172, which, with the thirty-six votes of New York State, would make 208, a clear majority of seven.

In this enunciation the only state not certainly Democratic is New York, while not included in it are Indiana and Connecticut, which are quite as likely to be Democratic as Republican. Beyond this it would be idle for the Democrats to look. They might carry all the states first named, and Indiana and Connecticut as well, but, loosing New York, they would be defeated. On the other hand, if they would make New York the battle field, and stake their hope of success on their ability to carry it, they would, with unobjectionable candidates, have but to retain a state already their own, and the votes of Indiana and Connecticut could be held in reserve to make up for any break which might occur in some less important quarter. The necessity of the Democrats making their campaign in New York is so plain as to require no labored argument to substantiate it. Without that state they cannot win, as the figures show. With it, defeat would be practically out of the question.

The pretense that Ohio can be made a Democratic state this year is idle. Hopes based on that idea will be shattered. The state has never failed to vote for Republican candidates in Presidential elections. It has occasionally been carried by the Democrats in off years, but as regularly as the quadrennial contests have taken place it has returned to its allegiance. New York, on the contrary, when not overwhelmingly Democratic, has always been close, and since the war it has been carried twice by Democrats in Presidential years. Nothing but the unpopularity of Mr. Greely with the party whose candidate he was, prevented the state from declaring against Grantism in 1872 as vehemently as it did in 1876. In no previous contest has the possession of New York been of such vital importance to the Democrats as now, for at no other election in twenty-five years have they had a certainty of enough votes elsewhere to elect their candidates even if they did carry the state. This year they have that certainty.

New York is the one state which the Democrats must make sure of carrying. No party ever found itself confronted on the eve of a national election with a more simple problem. By contracting their efforts in that direction they settle the question on the ground of their own choosing, and of which they will be in possession at the opening as well as the closing of the campaign.

☞ Fashion is Queen.—Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods, 10c for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

CONSECUTIVE POLYGAMY.

The New York *Times* says "every sixth Protestant Rhode Islander has been divorced" and "practices polygamy of the consecutive type." This state of things is astounding. It shows that the type of polygamy which prevails in that New England State is much more generally practiced there than the scarcely more odious kind which prevails among the Mormons is in Utah. This great abuse demands the attention of Senator Edmunds, who has given the subject much attention. The *Times* indulges in the following bitter sarcasm:

"In the absence of any political issue that can be safely touched by a cautious statesman, it becomes a duty incumbent upon all decent people to put an end to the Rhode Island scandal. Congress alone can deal with this matter, for it is idle to suppose that Rhode Islanders will voluntarily give up freedom of divorce. Some high-minded Senator should bring in a bill defranchising all Protestant Rhode Islanders who will not swear that they have never been divorced and never will be. The bill should further provide that the control of the various Protestant sects shall be taken from the members thereof and vested in a board of supervisors to be appointed by the President. The Rhode Island relic of barbarism is a disgrace to the Nation, and it must be wiped out at any cost. Let us first try disfranchisement, confiscation and other comparatively mild remedies. If these fail Phil. Sheridan must be sent against the Rhode Islanders with orders to put them to the sword with as little mercy as any right-minded man would show to a community of Mormons."

This may be looked upon as a sort of fire in the rear of the party which has for twenty-five years stood pledged to exterminate the "twin relic" in this country.

In an article which we copy from the Chicago *Herald* it is shown very clearly that the Democrat who can carry New York, is the only one that can be elected President. Who is that man? The REPORTER is of the opinion that ex-president-elect, Sammy Tilden, can carry it slick as a whistle. Now what's the morai?

A rousing Blaine meeting was held at Lock Haven a few days ago. Should like to hear whether any thing was done to send Beaver to Chicago as a Blaine delegate—vide 1880?

The English have met with another obstacle in their attempt to peacify matters in the Soudan, by the fall of Tokar, an interior fortified town between the Red Sea port of Trinkitat and the Nile. The garrison surrendered to the Prophet's army, on assurances it would be allowed to depart for Lower Egypt, but there are apprehensions in London that the garrison and populace were made way with. The news created the greatest excitement in London and in Parliament.

Coal, clothing and bedding are in greatest demand among the destitute in the flooded districts. Of uncooked food there has been a surplus, and public attention is now directed to the other needed articles, of which there will be abundance sent.

Three survivors of the bark Ada Barton state that they clung to the masts five days and nights without food. The third day the dog tried to devour one of them. When rescued they were casting lots to decide which of the three should die to furnish food for the other two.

A mine explosion, at Liesenring, Fayette county, last week, caused by fire-damp, killed 29 miners. The scene was a heartrending one.

—The Philad. Branch is putting out clothing faster than ever before. Lewins & Co. have put down the prices of winter clothing so low, that nearly everybody is buying a suit to save money They are selling low to get rid of stock and make room for the spring trade. Don't miss this chance for a bargain. You can't do so well anywhere in the state as at the Philad. Branch.

12 shades macrama—Garmans.

Striking Operators.

AMESBURY, Mass., Feb. 23.—The woolen weavers have voted to strike this afternoon, owing to the unjustifiable discharge of some of their number. They were to strike March 1 anyway, owing to a reduction. The post office safe here was burglarized of $800 in money and stamps.

DANIELSONVILLE, Ct., Feb. 23.—The wages of operatives in the Danielsonville mills were reduced January 1, but the amount of the cut was not disclosed to them until their first pay day, Monday. Wednesday the boys and girls in the spinning room struck. The sweeping girls, whose pay per diem was reduced to the incredible amount of ten cents, also went out. Much sympathy with the youngsters is shown by the people generally, and the little strikers will probably be substantially aided.

In the Home of Its Sponsor.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 21.—All the country papers of this state received in Louisville this week oppose the proposed copyright of news matter, and denounce it severely as the scheme of newspaper monopolists to injure the country papers.

If you want the "American Farmer" 1 year free read in another column how to get for nothing. A rare chance.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Summarizing the Result of the Presidential Conferences.

How Much Depends on New York—President Arthur's Candidacy Practically Resting on the Empire State.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Within the last few days there have been several conferences here of leading friends of President Arthur from different States. These conferences have been held between senators who have not announced themselves for Arthur, business men from different parts of the country, and personal friends of the president, and at some of these meetings Mr. Warren, of the New York State Republican committee, has been present. The inference from the statements which these gentlemen have made is that President Arthur's candidacy rests practically upon the state of New York. He is to commend himself to the Republican convention, if at all, because he will seem to be the candidate who can unite the party in New York, and give better promise of carrying the state than any other candidate. It has been admitted in these consultations that there are some of the old Stalwarts who think they have not been well treated by the president who cannot be relied upon to aid in the Arthur movement, and at the same time it is suggested that these Stalwarts, of whom Grant and Conkling are the representatives, have practically retired from politics, and are not likely to be counted as an active factor for any candidate. At these conferences there have been gentlemen present from Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and other states. The chances of Senator Logan were discussed, and it was said that he need not expect to secure delegates either in New England or in New York. The suggestion of the name of Mr. Lincoln for the second place was designed to offset, to some degree, the Logan movement. The objection that was the most strongly urged against Logan in New England and New York was, that he would not have the support of the business element in those sections as Arthur or Edmunds would. One of the nearest friends of Mr. Edmunds has acknowledged that he would accept the nomination if it should come to him with a good degree of unanimity—a fact which has hardly seemed susceptible of doubt.

Substantially the following may be summarized as the result of all the discussion:

First—That the friends of President Arthur are very confident that he has been rapidly gaining strength in New York state in the last month, and that there is a good prospect that he will secure more than one-half the New York delegates; that there is generally good feeling prevailing throughout the state, and that there is a better prospect of real harmony than there has been at any time since the campaign of 1880.

Second—That those who may perhaps be called the Arthur managers are not so persistent about his candidacy that they will insist upon his nomination if it shall appear that it is impracticable or not for the best interests of the party, or if the prospects of success would be promoted by supporting any other candidate; that the second choice of most of the Arthur men is Senator Edmunds.

Third—That those who have attended these conferences would favor putting Robert Lincoln on the ticket as vice president, whether the ticket should be Arthur and Lincoln or Edmunds and Lincoln.

ANOTHER LONG ISLAND OUTRAGE

Tally One for the Whisky Men.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The whisky men have skored a point in securing an agreement from the ways and means committee that their bill to extend the bonded period on distilled spirits shall be reported to the house without recommendation. A majority of the committee is opposed to the bill, and if the members had voted in committee according to their convictions the bill could never have been brought into the house. Why this unusual favor should be extended to the distillers is a matter of comment. The explanation received with most favor is that Representative Blackburn bulldozed the tariff reformers and demanded that the house should have an opportunity to pass upon the bill, and, according to report, hinted that it was doubtful if any tariff bill would be reported from the committee until after the extension had been given a place upon the calendar. The members of the committee who are opposed to the whisky bill reserve the right to report against it in the house. No effort will be spared by the distillers and the bankers who have loaned money upon liquors to put through the bill. The old methods of the lobby will not be employed. If any money is spent it will be used without calling in outsiders to handle it. Great pressure will also be brought to bear in a proper manner by business men who are interested in securing the passage of the bill.

BUT FEW LEFT

Of the Veterans of 1812—Their Annual Washington Birthday Dinner.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Only five of the surviving soldiers of the war of 1812 answered yesterday to their names on the occasion of the dinner annually tendered them by Dahlgren Post, of the Grand Army of the Republic. These were Henry Morris, aged 84 George Cygier, aged 86; Gardiner R. De Lisle bridge, aged 82; Wm. J. Burre, aged 82, and Elijah P. Jenks, aged 83 years. At the dinner last year ten veterans sat down to dinner, but three are since dead. One was Charles Coombs, aged 90; another, John Morris, aged 87, and the third, General Abram Dally, aged 88 years. The dinner was served at Wallhalla hall, on Orchard street, and was heartily enjoyed not only by the veterans, but by seventy-five or eighty members of Dahlgren and other posts of the Grand Army. The old veterans were blithe and chipper as ever. The veteran corps has decreased rapidly of late years, and now only sixteen survive. Of these, as far as could be learned, twelve were able to do duty, while four were incapacitated by age. In 1860, when the 1812 veteran corps was reorganized, the roll contained 376 names. Now there are only twenty-two names on the roll, of which six belong to men who are believed to be dead.

For the REPORTER.

THE CATECHISM.

The Catechism is a short summary of Christian doctrine that is of incalculable value, and ought, therefore, be highly prized by all Christian workers. The writer desires in this communication to present some thoughts on

The Dignity, Value and Excellence of the Catechism.

To illustrate this point the reader is referred to the wonderful and glorious revelation of the Catechism both in the Old and New Testaments.

I. The Ten Commandments.

1. In the Old Testament the Commandments were given amidst thundering and lightning and the voice of a trumpet waxing louder and loude; Sinai was smoking like a burning mountain; there was darkness all around; the earth quaked; the people trembled and stood afar off, and entreated Moses to speak to God for them. (Reader, all know of the days that are past, which were before thee, since the day that God created man upon the earth, and ask from the one side of heaven unto the other, whether there hath been any such thing as this great thing is, or hath been heard like it? Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live? Dt. 4:32 & 9.

2. In the New Testament the revelation of the Law is still more glorious. On a mountain, surrounded by thousands of people, Jesus Christ himself expounds the Ten Commandments. No thunders roar, no lightning flashes amidst the surrounding gloom. The great Teacher takes the decalogue (ten words) and in the kindest and sweetest words ever uttered explains them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which hunger after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven, etc. Read the whole of Christ's sermon on the mount, recorded in the gospel of Matthew, fifth, sixth and seventh chapters. Christ explains the Law scripturally, and not literally. The Jews in their day conditioned salvation by external obedience to the Law. Christ conditioned salvation by faith. Mt. 16:18. The Beatitudes already quoted are living virtues enjoined in the Ten Commandments, written in the heart by the finger of Christ, e. g., the Holy Spirit. Thus saith the Lord: I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God and they shall be my people. Jer. 31:33. Now which revelation of the Law is more glorious, that in the O. T., by Moses, on Mount Sinai, or that in the N. T., by Christ, on the Mount of Beatitudes? The glory of latter eclipses that of the former.

II. The Christian Faith.

The excellent and glorious revelation of the Christian faith is attested by sacred history.

1. In the O. T. Abraham believed the promise of the Messiah and it was imputed to him for righteousness. Gen. 15:6. This is the revelation of the Christian faith. The birth of Christ was revealed. Is. 7:14. His office. Is. 61:1. His death and resurrection in Jonah. His ascension in Elijah. His incarnation in His appearance to Abraham in human form. Gen. 18:2. His mediation in Jacob's ladder: His intercession in the angel that wrestled with Jacob, and in Aaron, the high priest, sacrificing and praying for the people: His atonement in the brazen serpent of which Christ himself speaks. John 3:14.

2. In the N. T. the revelation of Christian faith is still more glorious. The angel Gabriel announces His conception; an angel announced his birth. Lk. 1:10-11. And a multitude of angels were present at his birth, saying: Glory be to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will towards men. Christ by His excellent preaching and splendid miracles, by His sufferings and death, resurrection and ascension and miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost has most gloriously revealed the Christian faith.

III. Prayer.

The revelation of prayer and efficacy is contained:

1. In the O. T., viz: By the sacrifices of Abel and Noah. (God approved and blessed them.) 2. By the prayer of Moses during a battle with the Amelikites. Ex. 17:2. 3. By the prayer of Jehoshaphat during the battle between the Ammonites and Moabites. 4. By Jacob's ladder and altar. Gen. 28:20. 5. By the example of Moses when he fell on his face and prayed for the people. 6. By David in the book of Psalms. 7. By the prayer of Daniel, 2:2-20.

2. In the N. T. there is a grander revelation of prayer. Christ himself taught us the Lord's Prayer. Mt. 6:9. Saying after this manner pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and glory forever. Amen. See also Lk. 11:2. In John 16:23 Christ has given us the seal of the Lord's Prayer. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father, in my name, he will give it you. And again Mt 18:19. If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.

IV. Baptism.

1. The O. T. contains a wonderful revelation of baptism in the mighty deluge of waters, whereby the world perished. II. Peter 3:5-6. Also in the fitted sea and the pillar of clouds. Hence St. Paul says: Our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea. I. Cor. 10:12.

2. In the N. T. there is a more glorious revelation of baptism.

1. By John, the Baptist, who preached the baptism of repentance. 2. By Christ himself, at whose baptism there was the revelation of the Trinity. The Spirit of God descended upon Him like a dove. And a voice came from heaven, saying: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. This was a magnificent revelation of the ordinance of the Holy Spirit.

V. The Lord's Supper.

1. The O. T. Contains a striking revelation of the Lord's Supper.

1. Through the manna referred to in John 6:48.

2. Especially by the Jewish passover. The paschal lamb pre figured Christ.

2. In the N. T. Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us on the cross. He himself says: This is my body broken for you. This is my blood shed for you for the remission of sins. This is a more glorious revelation of the ordinance of Christ than that contained in the Old Testament. No other book except the Bible has had such a grand and glorious revelation as the Catechism has. And upon this fact is grounded the dignity, value and excellence of the Catechism.

Improvement.

The use of the Catechism is of two fold:

1. To confirm and strengthen our faith, that we may be able to say with the Apostle Peter, II. 1:19 We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts.

2. To awaken fear and devotion, repentance and faith, desires and aspirations after holiness, God and eternal life.

3. To study the Catechism is to study the Bible. It treats of the same doctrines, insists on the same changes and presses the same duties the Bible does.

3. These doctrines must be believed practically from the heart, then the changes insisted on will be experienced and the duties required can easily be performed.

4. The Catechism should be so taught and learned that it may be a means of conversion and salvation, and steadfastness in the faith and practice of the Gospel.

5. The Catechism ought to be so thoroughly studied that the ordinances of the church would be a means of nourishment and growth in the divine life.

6. The *Kinder* church is unpopular in these days of innovations, but the consequences are bad enough too: ignorance of Christian doctrine, heterodox, mysticism and all sorts of infidelity.

7. There can be no substitute for the Catechism, no more than there can be for the Bible itself. For he (the Lord) established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel, which he commended our fathers, that they should make them known to their children: That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments, Ps. 78:5-7.

First gun for Blaine: A nephew of Jas. G. Blaine was elected constable of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Warner's health corset, Coraline Thompson's glove, fitting and corded corsets—Garmans.

Opening the Fountains.

In numberless bulbs beneath the skin is secreted the liquid substance which gives the hair its texture, color and gloss. When this secretion stops, the hair begins at once to become dry, lusterless, brittle and gray. Is that the condition of your hair? If so, apply Parker's Hair Balsam at once. It will restore the color, gloss and life by renewing the action of nature. The balsam is not an oil, not a dye, but an elegant toilet article, highly appreciated because of its cleanliness.

Try our 5c ginghams; usual price, 8c—Garmans.

PUBLIC SALES.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned at Centre Hill, Thursday, March 20, the following: Two head of horses, 2 cows, one heifer, 4 head young cattle, 2-horse wagon, spring wagon, buggy, new bob sled, sulkey, cutter, 2 set hay ladders, Centre Hall cornplanter, new South Bend chilled plow, 2 cultivators, hay rake, set tug harness, flynets, cow chains, double and single trees, cross-cut saw, grind stone, pick, hoes, shovels, work bench and blacksmith tools. Household furniture. Two set bed steads, 3 tables, 2 cupboards, doughtray, flour chest, cider barrels, tubs, chairs, 2 coal stoves, cook stove, iron kettle, and other articles. Sale at one o'clock p. m.
David Sweetwood, Auc't. MARY A. SNYDER.

Sale March 1.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned at Spring Mills, on Saturday, March 1, the following property: One cow, one heifer, 6 shoats, cook stove, coal stove, 2 bedsteads and bedding, 2 bedsteads, bureau, walnut table, set chairs, rocking chair, ice cream freezer, wood-chest, churn, 75 yards carpet, oilcloth, lot of barrels, vinegar, 3 meat vessels, ½ bu. measure, steelyards, etc. Sale at 1 p. m. J. D. LONG.

Sale March 4.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of the undersigned, 1½ ml. west of Centre Hall, on Tuesday, March 4, the following: One good work horse, one 3 year old colt, 2 extra young cows, 2 heifers, 1 fresh in March; 3 head young cattle, 12 sheep, 2 fine Chesterwhite breeding sows, 7 shoats, two-horse cultivator, one-horse cultivator, plow, harrow, plantation wagon, set of hay ladders, Lewisburg drill, fanning mill, land roller, set Yankee harness, horse gears, spread, double and single trees, cow chains, etc. Also household goods: Bed, corner cupboard, bureau, set chairs, and many other articles.

Sale to begin at 10 a. m., when terms will be made known. J. N. Leitzell, Auct. ALFRED P. HOSTERMAN.

Sale March 8.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned in Centre Hall, Saturday, 8th March, at 1 p. m.: 3 beds, single bed, sink, 2 set chairs, 2 rocking chairs, cupboard, flour chest, wood box, 2 iron kettles, meat stand, 2 tubs, churn, lard stand, Niagara cook stove good as new, parlor stove, lot of stove pipe, lot of carpet nearly all new, cherry extension table, spreads 12 ft.; dining table, stone crocks, glass jars, queensware, tinware, set harness, grain bags, sleigh bells, meat bench, work bench, and other articles.

S. ELLEN LEE.

Sale March 11.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, about mid-way between Penn Hall and Spring Mills, Tuesday, March 11: One horse, 3 cows, 1 heifer, 1 boar, extra stock; 1 sow, 3 pigs, 2 shoats, 2-horse wagon, 1-horse wagon, 2-horse sled, 1-horse sled, cutter, plow, harrow, cultivator, shovel plow, potato plow, new grain cradle, 2 saddles, bridles, horse gears, log sled, chains, 1 settee, tables, sink, lot chairs, 2 cook stoves, 2 room stoves, pipe and cooking utensils, 4 beds with bedding, 2 clocks, lot carpet, dishes, apple butter, 2 iron kettles, 40 gallon copper kettle, churn, tubs, meat vessels, 500 or 600 ft. cherry boards, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m.
J. N. Leitzell, Auct. ADAM GRENOBLE.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of the undersigned seven miles west of Bellefonte, on the Buffalo Run road, Friday, March 14, at 9 p. m., the following articles: Four head of horses, 7 milk cows, short-horned bull 15 months old, Holstein bull 6 months old, 6 head of young cattle, 4 head of sheep, Leicester buck, 5 shoats, 2 breed sows, blooded Chesterwhite; 10 horse Geyser separator and power, fanning mill, 2 plantation wagons, 4 inch; 2-horse spring wagon, Russel reaper combined, Keystone cultivator, Centre Hall cornplanter, corn scraper, 2 South Bend plows good as new, 3 harrows, grain drill, hay rake, bob sled, sleigh, log sled, land roller, single and double trees, harpoon hay fork with rope and tackle, 2 sets of hay ladders, set of wood ladders, pair breechbands, 2 pairs cruppers, plow gears, single harness, double harness, 4 sets tyugets, bridles, collars, team saddle, check lines, cow chains, rakes, forks, log chain, sausage cutter, iron kettle, 2 parlor stoves, cook stove, No. 1 dinner bell, 2 bed steads, bureau, 2 tables, meat vessel, tubs, barrels, and other articles.
Jos. L. Neff, Auct. DANIEL HECKMAN.

Sale March 13.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, 2 miles south east of Boalsburg, on Wednesday, March 13, the following: One mare, 2 cows, one fresh; 5 shoats, open buggy, spring wagon, set of single harness, set of plow gears, Household furniture. Cooking stove, room stove and pipe, 3 bedsteads, stand, dressing bureau, breakfast table, dining table, square cupboard, sink, doughtray, set of kitchen chairs, set of cane seated chairs, 2 rocking chairs, lounge, cradle, 24-hour clock, crocks and buckets, meat vessel, iron kettle, cider barrel, vinegar keg, churn, grindstone, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m.
Wm. Gobren, Auct. DAVID OTTO.

Sale Feb. 29.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of the undersigned one mile west of Centre Hill, on Friday, February 29, at 11 o'clock a. m., the following articles: Six horses, 2 being draft mares, one 4 year old mare, one 2 year old horse colt and two 2-year old horse colts; 6 milk cows, short-horned bull, 6 head of young cattle, 28 sheep, 17 shoats, 2 breed sows, Champion reaper, Manney mower, new two-horse platform spring wagon, Bench cultivator, grain drill, Oliver chilled plow, harrow, two-horse sled, two-horse wagon, Gaiser separator and power, cart and cart gears, set good tug harness, 2 sets plow gears, bridles, check and plow lines, lead rains, 20 or 30 cages of bees. Household furniture such as bedsteads, tables, cupboards, chairs, stoves, book case and desk, potatoes by the bushel, and many other articles.

Terms.—Any amount exceeding five dollars a credit will be given of ten months by giving note and good security.
J. N. Leitzell, Auct. JOHN RISHEL.

Sale March 10.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the residence of the undersigned, 2 miles west of Madisonburg, on Monday, March 10: 5 good work horses, 1 colt, 3 cows, fresh by time of sale; 2 heifers, 2 2-horse wagons, 1 2-horse spring wagon, carriage, Champion reaper, drill, good 4-horse threshing machine, Milheim make; Osborne windmill, plows, harrows, scraper, cultivators, shovel-plow, single harness, set double harness, forks, rakes, single and double trees, and many other articles. A few Household Goods, such as bedsteads, stoves, etc. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, when terms will be made known.
Jas. N. Leitzel, Auct. ELIZABETH KELLER.

Sale, March 5.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the residence of the undersigned, near Spring Mills, Wednesday, March 5, the following articles: 5 head of horses, 7 milk cows, 15 head of young cattle, 15 shoats, breed sow, 27 sheep, separator, fanning mill, broad-wheel plantation wagon, 2-horse wagon, reaper, Hench cultivator, three little cultivators, grain drill, hay rake, Harpster corn planter, double sled, 5 plows, 3 harrows, set brichbands, horse gears, hay fork, new rope and tackle, copper kettle iron kettle, sausage cutter, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 10 a. m. E. FETTEROLF.

Sale, March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale, at the residence of the undersigned, ½ mile north east of Pennsvalley cave, Thursday, March 6: 5 head of horses, 1 good breeding mare, 3 cows, 10 head young cattle, 18 sheep, 8 shoats, horse power, belt and machine, reaper, hay rake, drill, 4-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, truck wagon, spring wagon, corn planter, hay fork, rake and pulleys, bob sled, plows, harrows, cultivators, horsegears, rakes, forks, and other farming implements. Sale at 10 a. m.
Jas. N. Leitzel, Auct. JOHN ROSSMAN.

A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word hath a magical power
The weary heart to beguile;
It gladdens the eye, it brightens the brow,
And changes the tear to a smile.
In the genial sunshine it sheds around,
The shadows of care depart;
And we feel in its soothing and friendly tone
There's a balm for the wounded heart.

Oh! watch then then, that thy lips ne'er breathe
A bitter, ungentle word,
For that which is lightly and idly said
Is often too deeply heard.
And though for a moment it leaves no trace,
For pride will its woes conceal,
Remember the spirit that's calm and still
Is always the first to feel.

It may not be in thy power, perchance,
To secure a lofty place,
And blazen thy name upon history's page,
As a friend of the human race;
But oft in the daily tasks of life,
Though the world behold thee not,
Thy gentle and kindly words may soothe
A desponding brother's lot.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

I was sitting in my study, reading Moliere' when she entered the room unannounced at that.

I looked and saw an angel in white nun's veiling, jaunty little blue hat, about the size of a saucer, tipped to one side in a most bewitchingly heartrending manner; and she wore cream-colored kids, and carried a white pongee—taken in all, a fairy!

She smiled at me, and held out her hand.

I took it mechanically. What did this mean?

She pouted—ah! those cherry lips!—and stamped her little No. 2 impatiently on the floor.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she said pettishly.

I murmured that I was delighted—entranced! So I was—such visions were not of everyday occurrence with me.

"Well?" said she, gleefully, that's a comfort! Now, they told me that you wouldn't receive me—that I would be turned out of doors."

"Reptiles!" said I.

"But I came—and you're not angry?

"Angry!

I could say no more.

Then she walked up and down the room.

"How do you like my dress?" she asked, revolving before me as if on a pivot.

I murmured something about the "angelic superbness!"

"I did intend," she said, half doubtfully, 'to get a dress of gray cashmere, with underskirt trimmed with deep plaiting—the space to be filled in with bias folds above the plaitings in a band of silk—the overskirt cut square—the side gores rounded up four inches and finished with a bow—the back breadth 12 inches longer, and looped up into a tournure. That, with a pretty little sacque with open sleeves, trimmed to match the under dress, would be nice, would'nt it?"

I murmured an unqualified assent—not that I understood what she was talking about, for she uttered the full description in one breadth, but then I didn't know what I was saying.

"But," said she, "I bought this nun's veiling because I liked it. Don't you?"

"I admire your taste," said I, faintly, for I was fast losing my senses, through wondering as to who and what she was.

"You're a dear, good fellow," said she rapturously; 'and I know we'll get on well together!"

So! She intended to stay here! I was getting into very deep water!

"Now, then," she continued, "show me some place to put my things, and then you and I will have a talk.

I mechanically pointed out a small room opening out of the library. She hurried in. I sat like a statue carved from adamant. Deeper water.

Presently she returned, divested of little hat, pongee and kids. Dainty and jaunty as the little hat was, it never could be such a head dress as the curly black head of hair; and the bare hand was certainly prettier and its dimples showed better than when gloved. I could not speak—I only looked.

She cast a searching glace around the library,

"Horrid dirty!" she said, disdainfully. "When has it been cleaned?"

"About a year ago," I said quickly.

She gave utterances to a pretty little scream.

"A year? Shocking! Oh, I couldn't sit down in a room that hasn't been cleaned for a year? This must be put to rights,"

She said this in a very determined tone and then set to work. She converted my linen coat into an apron, tied a cunning little handerchief over that pretty head, and snatching up the fly duster, dusted away valiantly—raising a cloud of dust, in which I sat gazing on the vision. What did all this mean? I consulted Moliere, my standing authority, but Moliere could give no explanation. Could she be an angel, sent to cast a ray of light over my dismal path of life? Perhaps, but did angels wear white nun's veiling, and talk about cashmere and tournures? Impossible! It must be a dream.

Suddenly she paused and came to me through the cloud, and held out her arms, and said:

"Roll up my sleeves, please. I can work better with them up."

I did roll the white sleeves up, and then immediately scouted the idea of its being a dream. Could I dream of such arms, with such a beautiful dimple in each elbow?

Certainly not! They were real! I did think that a sculptor would have been proud to have them for a model, because I was morally certain that any sculptor would have been distracted by the sight, and have dropped his chisel, despairing of ever doing them justice.

And then she dusted, and while she dusted she sang, what a voice! Don't mention Nilsson—I won't hear of it!

And then she drew up a chair, and sat down beside me, having first removed the handkerchief and the improvised apron. Then she shook her curls and addressed me.

"My dear uncle, let us have a talk."

Her uncle! If my heart had suddenly changed to a lump of lead, it couldn't have sunk quicker that it did then.

"You know," she continued, "that you wrote me a letter saying that you considered it best for me to stay on the farm until you wrote again. But, then, I don't want to stay; I felt so lonely away out there, hardly seeing a new face once in a month, for the 12 years I have been there—for you know you left me when I was six years old. Well, I thought I would come up to the city, so I took $50 and bought this suit. Mrs. Marsh picked it out for me. You know she has been in the city, and so I came; and you're not angry, are you? Because, if you are, I'll go back again uncle—indeed I will!"

My feelings during this brief speech had been very painful. I gradually awoke to the fact that it was all a blunder—that the visit of this angel was not intended for me—and I felt very bitter over the discovery but my duty was plain.

"My dear child," said I, humbly, 'will you have the kindness to inform me what your name is?"

She opened her eyes and then laughed.

"Why," she said you cannot have forgotten me? Little Bess you know."

"Little Bess?" I repeated.

"Bessie Ludlow," she said gravely." "Your niece."

"No," said I, readily; "not my niece. I have no nieces. There is some error. My name is Floyd."

"Then said she, "you are my uncle—Mr, Richard Floyd. I saw the name on the door, so I came in. Now you remember me, don't you?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Ludlow," said I calmly, 'but I am not your uncle. You saw the name 'R. Floyd' on the door; my name is Robert."

"Then," she said hopelessly, "where is my uncle?"

I felt bound to confess my ignorance, whereat she looked incredulous. I explained that strange as it may seem, I did not know every person who happened to rejoice in the same surname as myself.

"But, I said cheerfully, seeing her look blank, "we can soon find out. Here is a directory, your uncle's name is Richard Floyd?"

"Yes,"

"His occupation or profession?"

"Eh?"

"What does he do for a living?"

"Nothing. He's rich—awful rich!"

"Ah! a gentleman? Behold! two Richard Floyds; both gentlemen. Let us hope they are! Now get ready, and we'll go and find your uncle."

She stood by my side in the street, and looked ten times more bewitching than ever. We walked along the streets, and how many male friends stared, and wondered and envied me.

"We found the first Mr. Floyd," just stepping into his carriage in front of the house. He was big, pompous and vulgar, I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your niece, Mr. Floyd," I said, and I commenced to explain, when he cut me off short.

"Nothing of the kind! not my niece! An adventuress, no doubt! You're a swindler, I suppose! Drive on!"

I inwardly vowed to assissinate that man some dark night. My companion grasped her pongee fiercely.

"Oh, I could beat him!" she said savagely. I trembled at the outburst.

"But however," she said "that's not my uncle, he's a very quiet man. I saw him about 11 years ago. He came only to see me once—I suppose because I am a poor relation."

Here she laughed, as if being a poor relation was something funny—which it isn't.

Then we tried the second Mr. Floyd; he was the uncle. We found him reading a book of sermons.

"I accosted him, introduced myself and his niece. Then I explained everything and turned to go."

He stopped me and inquired if I would do him a favor.

I answered I would.

"Then," said he, calmly, "take this young lady and put her in the cars. I desire her to return to Cedar farm."

"Uncle," said she.

"Niece!" said he. "Do as I bid you—I am your only friend. Don't make me your enemy by foolishness. Stay at Cedar farm, and I am your friend; leave the Cedar farm and you may regret it. Go!"

We went.

She sobbed. (Looked prettier than ever).

"I can't go back," she wailed. "They don't know I left. I'm afraid to go back."

"Then," said I, "what will you do?"

"I don't know," she said, defiantly. "But I won't go back!"

I found myself in a nice predicament—young lady, aet. 18, on my hands, a bachelor, aet. 30. What was I to do?

A sudden thought, I would!

"My dear," said I "I will take care of you."

"You!" (Astonished and prettier.)

"Yes, I." Marry me! Instead of my niece, be my wife! Will you?"

She could not give an answer immediately. Such important questions requie deliberation. She was silent for about two minutes, and then said:

"I like you."

"Bless you," said I.

"And you want some one to care for you?"

"I do!"

"I will marry you for that room isn't half dusted."

She was angelic! She was an angel! I embraced the angel!

"And that room is such a cunning little one!"

Words fail to express how handsome she was!

We were married!

And that's the way it happened!

Midnight in Montreal

In the early part of February a monster Ice Palace, was erected in Montreal and thousands of people visited it from all part of the Union. A midnight despatch from Montreal says; Montreal is delirious. Since dark the carnival has reached its highest tide. The business streets were abandoned and the stores closed at sundown, after which the multitude, including all but the crippled and infirm, climbed the hill to the ice palace, which glittered like a monstrous jewel. There were 50 000 persons in and near Dominion square. Fifteen hundred snow shoeman, wearing their clattering foot nets, and clad in blanket suits of every brilliant hue, wound in a long procession beneath flaming torches through the swarm of people. While some entered the palace of shining crystal, others massed themselves outside. Then began a fierce battle of skyrockets, Roman candle, and Chinese bombs. The tens of thousands of French people laughed and applauded like children. When the serpentine stream of torches next made its way through the black mass of people it was to reappear presently, windiug its way up the steep mountain side. The people stood in the open squares and yelled with delight. The torches came together in a solid field of flame, then seperated, and were strung in a thin line along the crest of the mountain, whence they let off more fireworks.

The town at midnight shows no symptoms of either moderating its enthusiasm or going to bed. The New Yorkers have unpacked their swallow tails and lownecked dresses, and are dancing in the biggest hôtel parlor in town. Although they are already too numerous to mention, they are still crowding into the city by car loads. Those who came to-night will have a chance to see a marquis hurled down the glazed side of a mountain on a thin strip of birch veneering. A slide called the Lansdowne has been named in his honor, and he has shown his disregard of safety of life and limb by promising to cross his legs on a toboggan mattress.

Home-made Bonnets.

One of the pleasantest things to know about Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, is that she knows how to make her own bonnets. It brings her nearer to the universal heart of woman than anything she could do. The first thing she did, after entering the Queen's household at Windor castle, was to make over her Majesty's bonnet. Of course that bonnet needed making over badly. Imagination pictures it at once. A heavy, funereal affair, covered with crape, bugles, and nonsense. Such a bonnet as no one except Victoria or a Cape Cod woman would wear. It is no wonder that the fingers of the Princess fairly tingled to weed it out, and add a touch of refinement and good sense to the homely structure. And she does it every time the Queen buys a new bonnet, which is not often. Madame Louise, the greatest authority in London on the subject of bonnets, admitted that the Princess has given her many of her best ideas on the subject—among them, that simplicity was more stylish than fuss or feathers. Louise brought out several small capotes, ordered by the Princess, to show us what good taste she had. One bonnet was a small, fine straw, faced with black velvet, trimmed with a broad band of black velvet ribbon, caught down by a jet buckle; a cluster of fine white lilacs was the only decoration. Her bonnets, traveling dresses and walking suits are stylish, but severely plain. History will record that the Princess of Wales has done more than any other woman of royalty to improve the fashions.

Artists' Models.

In London the model can be, and very often is an extremely respect be member of society; and if his or her work be well done, the pay is not bad, as wages go in England. Seven and sixpence a day, or a shilling an hour, is the price paid a costume model, while those in the life classes or posing as figure models earn half as much again. Some men and women have grown old in the profession, know every artist and his or her works, are well versed in studio ways, understand costumes, and even something of periods in costumes and not frequently contribute valuable suggestions. Others, who may be invaluable so far as lines go, are, after years of work, hopelessly dull, stiff and uninterested; indeed, we have known of an instance where a young woman has sat three years for a well-known artist without having acquired the faintest idea of what he was doing, or what special style he worked in, and would as placidly pose for an escaping slave as for a lady of fashion, without taking the smallest interest in the work or its success. Others, however, enter with very deliberate zeal into their work, and where they are not too knowing they are valuable assistants Naturally the specialties of the model are so much capital in his favor. Some are noted for hands, others for the pose of the head, others for some peculiarty of coloring, while the "classical" is looked for in certain instances, and the grotesque in others. One of the most perfect models we ever knew was a man who had not a single absolutely good feature, but whose toutensemble was excellent, and whose entire willingness to sink personal prejudice and devote himself to the cause was really noble. This spirited person has posed on a broiling July day, with heavy wraps, and over a candle which illuminated his heated face, to represent a Christmas traveller cowering over the fire, and that no moan escaped him is to be recorded to his credit; and on a fine day in June he "posed" in bed, as a very sick person, in an elaborate nightcap, wearing an expression of patient anguish, which perhaps toward sundown ceased to be entirely simulated. This man had been, as it is called, "on the grounds," otherwise a sporting character, and being converted by some travelling preacher, he abandoned a very money-making and exciting career for the life of artists' model, and years proved his patience and sincerity; an inborn cockney, hopelessly though cheerfully independent of h's, he had a queer streak of fun in him which asserted itself oddly, and under no circumstances required the aid of a smile. He had a grave way of telling inimitably funny things, which illumined many a foggy afternoon, and his staid endurance of the most hopeless cough we ever heard added to the impression of strength he gave. How he sat for a certain "queer old gent on the Brumpton road" who "did the classical," and how the old gent "hasked 'is hopinion, and then never took it, sir, don't you know," and how he went to a florid artist of the hour, who kept him posing as a Turk six hours at a time, while he was "a-painting' of his background in hall the 'ole bloomin' time I was a planted there, sir," with the details of both incidents are tales that to be appreciated should be heard from those grave pale lips, while his eyes were full of suppressed glee.

When such a faithful follower of the arts falls ill his employers usually contribute toward his support; but at best it is a hard life, and old age rarely finds such a one with any resource, the life as model having entirely destroyed other aims and powers of activity, so that until a "Models' Fund" be formed there must always be the sad spectacle of the old and decrepit model going from studio to studio seeking the only employment he understands but finding it not.

Good Advice.

Take your meals with great regularity, and avoid eating too much at once, regulating the amount of food taken by the quantity of work—especially outdoor work—done; for if you eat the same quantity of food when indoors that you do whilst engaged in full open-air exercise, you will eat too much sometimes, the result being that a lot of useless nutriment will be flying about the system, which, having no good work to do, very soon becomes harmful.

Let your food be plain and substantial. Do not eat meat in excess, and let it be rather under than over done. Fats and starchy foods are particularly suited to cold weather, tending to sustain the body heat by their combustion in the system. Scotch oatmeal porridge and new milk are capital things to start the day with, and you will better be prepared for breakfast by first rousing the stomach by a preparatory walk in the open air. Chocolate and cocoa made with new milk are highly nutritious, and the regulation country breakfast of ham or bacon with eggs is a sign that they know how to take care of themselves in the country, and have found what is the best food to work on. Once a day is quite often enough for tea or coffee, and then they should be well diluted with new milk.

Avoid pastry, the fatty particles of which collect in the stomach, never thoroughly digesting, and only destroying the efficiency of that organ and the comfort of the system. Older folk can often get on better with pastry than younger one; and for children pastry and sweetmeats are particularly harmful, affecting the stomach, and through that the teeth, and developing a taste for such things that can rarely be checked before permanent harm has resulted, and the happiness of the child endangered for life. Children cannot have too much milk food—such as milk puddings well made with plenty of eggs and good milk being the best possible food for them. Boiled milk and bread, porridge and milk, brown bread and stewed fruits, would be a diet calculated to bring health and comfort to many families where the children are everlastingly in the doctor's hands undergoing courses of pills and powders. I have little sympathy for those unhappy people who give way to the whims and fancies of childhood, and thus prepare much future wretchedness for themselves and their children. It is disgusting to see, as one does too often, children of tender years given meat two or three times a day, and filled with sauces and seasonings. Parents have themselves to blame who are worried with constant juvenile squabbling and fighting, followed by tears and sick headache. You find a house in confusion and wonder what is the matter. "Oh, it is only one of Master Johnny's bilious attacks;" and you probably find the young gentleman lying on a sofa, sulking and moping, with sore lips and yellow eyes, scowling at the mother who attends him so assiduously when ill because she has not had the moral courage to discharge her duty to God and her child when he is well. "I cannot understand my children," many a poor lady will say; "those next door are always well, while mine are always ill."

The reason is simple enough; those next door are given simple food, and have to eat it, which hers never have, because, forsooth, they won't. But if we would have our children temperate we must be so ourselves, and not lecture them on indiscretions in diet between the mouthfuls of lemon cheesecake.

Influence of Wholesome Food.

There is little doubt that savory dishes, serving to vary the monotony of the poor, hard-working man's ordinary fare, afford considerable moral, as well as physical advantage. An instructive experience of my own illustrate this. When wandering alone through Norway, in 1856, I lost the track in crossing the Kyolen field, struggled on for twenty-three hours without food or rest, and arrived in a sorry plight at Lom, a very wild region. After a few hours' rest I pushed on to a still wilder region and still rougher quarters, and continued thus to the great Jostedal table-land, an unbroken glacier of five hundred square miles; then descended the Jostedal itself to its opening on the Sogne fjord—five days of extreme hardship, with no other food than flatbrod (very coarse oatcake,) and bilberries gathered on the way, varied on one occasion with the luxury of two raw turnips. Then I reached a comparatively luxurious station, Bonnel, where ham and eggs and claret were obtainable. The first glass of claret produced an effect that alarmed me—a craving for more and for stronger drink, that was most irresistible. I finished a bottle of the wine, and nothing but a violent effort of will prevented me from then ordering some brandy. I attribute this to the excessive work, and insufficient, unsavory food of the previous five days. I have made many subsequent observations on the victims of alcohol, and have no doubt that overwork, and scanty, tasteless food, are the primary source of craving for strong drink that so largely prevails with such deplorable results among the class that is the most exposed to such privation. I do not say that this is the only source of such depraved appetite. It may also be engendered by luxurious pandering to general sensuality. The practical inference suggested by this experience and these observations, is, that speech-making and pledge-signing, can only effect temporary results, unless supplemented by satisfying the natural appetite of hungry people by supplies of food that is not only nutritious, but savory and varied. Such food need be no more expensive than that which is commonly eaten by the poorest laboring man, but it must be far better cooked.

Children in Russia.

A new law regulating the labor of children in factories in Russia came into operation on the first of the year, and provision is made for its enforcement. The following are its stipulations: Children under 10 years of age must not be allowed to work in factories. Workers from the age of 12 to 15 years must not work more than eight hours a day. Night work for children can only be authorized in establishments where the process of manufacture cannot have a bad influence on the health. Even if allowed, the work must not exceed four hours. The work of children must be regulated in such a way as not to prevent their going to school three hours every day. The owners of factories are obliged to admit inspectors and their assistants into their works at any hour of the day.

LITTLE George was questioned the other day about his big sister's beau. "How old is he?" "I don't know." "Well, is he young?" "I think so, for he hasn't any hair on his head."

February.

February was one of the two months—January being the other—introduced into the Roman Calendar by Numa Pompilius when he extended the year to twelve of these periods. Its name (*Februare*, to expiate, to purify) arose from the practice of religious expiation and purification which took place among the Romans at the beginning of this month. He arranged that it should have twenty-nine days, excepting in leap years, when, by the intercalation of a day between the 23d and 24th it was to have thirty. But a time came when Augustus chose to add a thirty-first day to August, in order that the month named after him might not lack the dignity enjoyed by six other months of the year. He took it from February, which could least spare it, thus reducing it to to twenty-eight days in all ordinary years.

This month has Pisces or the fishes for its Zodiacal sign. The Saxons called it *Sprontkale*, because this species of the cabbage tribe sprouted freely at this ungenial season. The name of Soemonatt was afterwards conferred upon it in consequence of the return of the sun from the low course in the heavens, which for some time he had been running. Others say that "soe" signified "food" or "cakes," and that it meant "pan-cake month," because cakes were offered by the pagan Saxons to the sun.

In "The Months," by Leigh Hunt, he remarks that "If February were not the precursor of spring, it would be the least pleasant month of the year, November not excepted." What can be more delicately beautiful than the spectacle which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room window occasioned by the hoar-frost? If a jeweller had come to dress every plant over night to surprise an Eastern Sultan, he could not produce anything like the "pearly drops" or the "silvery plumage." An ordinary bed of greens seems corrugated with emeralds and powdered with diamonds to those who are not at the mercy of their own vulgar associations.

An Eccentrical Funeral.

An old woman named Mary Robinson, who is said to have been well known through London as "the queen of the costermongers," was buried recently in Finchley Cemetery. She at one time used to have a stall in Somerstown, and of late years had been a vender of cats' meat. It is stated that she amassed a fortune of £60,000. It was her custom to lend costermongers money on Fridays and Saturdays to go to market with, they paying her for the loan a shilling in the pound. She was a most eccentric woman. She paid, twenty years ago, to Mr. Sharman of Caledonia road, £20 for her funeral expenses. Owing to the rumor that the deceased in her will had ordered that her remains should be carried to the grave by four men wearing white smocks, and that twenty-four young women should follow wearing violet or purple dresses, Paisley shawls, hats with white feathers in them and white aprons; that some money was to be spent in drink for costermongers at certain public houses she named, and that there was to be a band of music in attendance, some thousands of persons congregated in Bemerton street, where she lived, along the Caledonian road, and along the route to Finchley cemetery. The concourse of people blocked the streets for a time, and in some cases persons paid for windows to see the procession. The coffin, which was of a handsome polished oak, bore a brass plate, with the inscription: "Mary Robinson, aged 71, died Jan. 1, 1884." It was reported that the corpse was shrouded in white satin, and that round the head was a white wreath. The funeral car was covered with expensive wreaths and crosses. There were in the procession, besides the relatives and friends of the deceased, a great number of pony-carts, donkey-barrows and cabs, all being overfilled with costermongers. The deceased, it is said, left a sum of £10 to be spent in drinks, and 10 shillings for pipes and tobacco after the funeral.

Women.

The common objection among woman-kind to letting their ages be known is not shared by the ladies of Japan, who actually display the facts as to their age in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from 9 to 15 wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half-circle round the head, the forehead being left free with a curl at each side. From 15 to 30 the hair is dressed very high on the forehead and put back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond 30 a woman twists her hair round a shell pin placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether or not they desire to marry again. One may compare with this the remarkable hirsute honesty of the Japanese a story told in one of the American papers of the reluctance of American women to adopt any such candid policy. A theatrical manager was producing a farce in which one of the characters was to be a bald headed woman, and it so happened that the actress cast for that part had no hair on the top of her head. But instead of availing herself of this natural advantage she wore a wig over the bare spot, and laid thereon some palpably false baldness.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in our Midst Unknown to the Public--- The Details in Full.

(*Detroit Free Press.*)

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: '*It* is an animated *something*, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I have," was the reply, and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any other one complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham *Eccentric*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until its next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it.

A Maine man is said to have invented and constructed a great improvement on the Indian birch-bark canoe, making it of tin, and to avoid the great danger of upsetting or filling with water and sinking, or being swamped in rough water, he has conveniently arranged on either side a series of air chambers.

OLD Blobes is a migthy mean man. The other day he carried home a nice juicy steak, and when his wife asked him why he didn't buy more, he replied: "It's enough for one, dear, and you know you and I are one." Then he divided it equally, eating the meat himself, and giving his wife the bone.

"PAY them ten dollars to-day? Why, my dear sir, do you expect a man to take Christmas money to pay debts? No, sir! no, sir! I still have a warm eart in my bosom, sir!"

LADY FINGERS.---To make lady fingers for afternoon tea, rub half a pound of butter into a pound of prepared flour; to this add half a pound of sugar, the juice and rind of one large lemon, and, lastly, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and the whites stirred in after all the other ingredients are well mixed together. This dough should be thick enough to make rolls about the size of a lady's finger. It will spread when in the oven so that it will be the right size and shape. If you wish, them to be varied and inviting, dip them in a chocolate icing after they are baked, and harden for a moment in the oven.

PORTUGUESE FRITTERS. — Take four ounces of rice, a pint of milk, two ounces of sugar, the same of butter, three eggs, a small stick of cinnamon and a half pound of orange marmalade. After washing the rice thoroughly place in a stew-pan, together with the milk, sugar, butter and cinnamon. Allow these ingredients to simmer slowly until the rice has absorbed the milk, then add the yelks of the three eggs and the marmalade, Stir over a brisk fire for a few moments, then turn into a clean baking dish and spread out to about a quarter of an inch in thickness. When cold cut into oblong shapes, fry crisp, first dipping into batter, dust with cinnamon sugar and serve hot on a napkin. This is a very delicious dish.

THERE is one thing about which the young housekeeper may well listen to advice. She must make up her mind that any servants she may hire will have faults. If she calmly settles this in her mind she will be spared a great deal of trouble. Her care will be to discover what the faults are, and not if the faults exist. Some of these may be endured with fortitude, and will not cause too much mental friction; others absolutely cannot be borne. There are cases when the possession of a sense of humor will help one to bear what would otherwise be annoying.

GINGER PUDDING.—Take three eggs, three ounces of sugar, the same of butter, the same of flour, a half pint of cream, four ounces of preserved ginger and a little pinch of salt. Put the butter, sugar, cream and salt into a stew-pan, and as soon as it begins to simmer take off the fire and add the flour, stirring well; put back on the fire and stir for a few minutes, then add the eggs; mix well and add the ginger, which should be cut in small pieces; pour into a buttered mould and steam for an hour; serve hot with a sauce made with the syrup of the ginger, a little cream and a few almonds.

A NICE way to fix the crust for tarts is to roll it thin, cut out with a smooth cooky cutter, then with a small cup cut out the centre of some of them; have the cup large enough so that just a ring of crust will be left; place two of these on each round of dough; if you fill with jelly, it is a pretty addition to make a meringue of the white of an egg and little sugar, and put over the top, and brown slightly in the oven. If filled with jam, put a little sugar in milk and wet the crust with it; this will make it brown delicately, and it gives an excellent flavor to the crust.

AN entree that is very enjoyable is made of fish of any kind that is fine-grained and of delicate flavor. Make patty-shells the same as if for oyster-patties; bake them and then fill them with the fish which you have picked in very small bits and have cooked tender. Make a little gravy of butter and sweet milk, with flour to thicken, and pour over the fish, though some prefer the fish without the gravy, and put a little butter, pepper and salt over the top.

STUFFING.—To make a good stuffing for turkeys or other fowls and veal, chop finely one-quarter of a pound of suet; mix with it twice the quantity of bread-crumbs, a large spoonful of parsley, a teaspoonful of thyme and marjoram mixed, one-eighth of a nutmeg, some grated lemon-peel, salt and pepper, and bind the whole with two eggs. A teaspoonful of finely shred shallot or onion may be added at pleasure.

PUDDING made of cracked wheat is very agreeable and nourishing. To one quart of sweet milk allow nearly half a cupful of cracked wheat; put it in a pudding dish and bake slowly for two hours, stirring it several times. If you choose to do so you can add raisins and a little cinnamon for flavoring, but most people prefer it well salted, and to eat it with a little cream and sugar. This is nice both warm and cold.

EGGS WITH NUT-BROWN BUTTER.—Put four ounces of butter in an omelet pan on the fire, and as soon as it begins to fritter break the eggs into it without disturbing the yelks; season with pepper and salt and fry for five minutes, then place on a hot dish; add two more ounces of butter to the pan and fry a brown color; add two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar, boil for two minutes, pour over the eggs and serve.

GRILL SAUCE. — Make rather thick with a paste of butter and flour, some strong beef gravy, and season it highly with lemon juice, ketchup, cayenne, and a teaspoonful each of made mustard, essence of anchovies, mince onion and grated yellow rind of lemon. This is appropriate to deviled fowl bones, etc., and may be used with fish

—A Mountain Lion, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, was recently killed on Powder river, M. T.

—Gypsum was first found at Montmartre, near Paris, whence it derived its name of plaster of Paris.

—There are said to be more than fifty systems of marriage, divorce and inheritance legally in force in India,.

—Japan produces 100,000 tons of dried sardines annually, according to the latest official returns.

For Twenty Years.

AN IMPORTANT OPINION BY AN EMINENT NEW YORK JURIST.

A correspondent of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Journal* sends his paper an interesting interview with one of the leading justices of the supreme court of the State of New York, from which we quote:

"Yes, sir, I have been on the bench for twenty years, and have never missed an appointment through physical debilities.

"In the spring of the year I make it an invariable rule to help nature 'clean house,' by using a standard blood purifier, and to this I attribute my extraordinary vigor. I am nearly seventy years old."

This man is a philosopher as well as a jurist. The early spring is nature's "house-cleaning" time. Then the blood is full of the impurities of the long winter. Nature needs assistance in this work, for if the purification be not complete the system is liable to attacks of pneumonia, chills and fever, malaria, rheumatism, liver and kidney and blood disorders, headaches, bowel derangements, and the debilitating effects of summer heat. The use of a pure vegetable, non-alcoholic preparation is then all-important.

"No, I should not like my name to be used publicly, but you may say," said the jurist, "that the only medicine I use is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.—a most excellent preparation, which I always warmly commend to my friends everywhere."

This Favorite Remedy has been twenty years in use, and it is said that it is pleasant to take, cures in ninety per cent. of cases, and can harm no one. It challenges the fullest comparison as a preventive and curative. It is purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and can be used with the utmost safety by children and adults. We do not wonder that it has the cordial indorsement of the best physicians and the public.

GENERAL Hazen has the greatest sympathy for the False Prophet of Egypt. The General has had charge of the United States weather for a number of years, and knows all about it.

Tapped Eight Times.

Feeling deeply grateful for the benefit received from the use of Hunt's Remedy, I feel proud to inform you of the good it has done me; for the great suffering I have passed and am now saved by Hunt's Remedy. I desire to state my case to the public so that other sufferers may obtain the benefit of its wonderful curative powers some time. I began to suffer excruciating pains in the region of my kidneys; I had the most intense agony; I was confined to my bed and totally unable to change my position or move in any way. I was tapped eight times. I then heard of Hunt's Remedy; I bought a bottle, and after taking a few spoonfuls the result was magical, and in a few days my pain was gone and my water passed freely, and I could eat most anything; my swelling disappeared. I was a new person altogether. The doctors had given me up to die, said there was no hope for me. I had one hundred and fifty-six pounds of water taken out of me. Was treated by seventeen different doctors, and Hunt's Remedy has cured me. I feel proud over your medicine. Those who suffer with the dropsy I hope will give it a trial, and see the good it will do. It works like a charm. I would advise those having difficulty with their kidneys to give Hunt's Remedy a trial. I am sure that it will give them instant relief and give them a permanent cure. I am willing to give all information in my power in regard to this most valuable medicine. Yours truly, MRS. DAVID NORTH,

Ecorse, Wayne Co., Mich., May 30, 1883.

Childhood views life through th magnifying end of the telescope, while age looks through the other end.

Mineral Remedies Superseded.

All except those who refuse to be convinced by the most positive proof, admit the infinite superiority of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to the mineral remedies which it has to a very great extent superseded, and which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the human stomach, may eventually be abandoned altogether. The Bitters are a most potent corrective of disorders of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Habitual constipation, dyspepsia, bowel complaints, and the numerous and changeful symptoms which indicate internal weakness or disease, are in every instance not only relieved, but cured, by a persistent and systematic use of this sovereign remedy. Intermittent and bilious remittent fevers may be surely prevented by a daily use of this powerful, but pleasant and mild tonic. Physical vigor is the best armor in which to encounter disease. Secure it by recourse to the Bitters.

The Frazer Axle Grease

is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

People who sanction the sins of their rulers share their punishment.

SOME people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income.

The Doctor's Indorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional indorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases, and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing coughs, etc. He commenced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his usual health. I also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds."

THE knack of fortelling the weather—the almanac.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

That virtue which needs anchoring, makes its possessor like a ship moored among breakers.

Phœnix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops cough, 25cts.

AT the Homœopathic Fair: "Have you seen that lovely lambrequin in the Art Gallery?' Country cousin—"No; is it alive or stuffed?"

"Buchu-Paiba"

The quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Men's minds will either feed upon their own good or others's evil. Who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

"I thought I must die; Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured my Heart Disease." Price $1. by druggists.

Never shirk the effort which is required to live correctly.

Use St. Patrick's Salve, and learn its great value. One trial convinces.

IT is the man in themud who sees something in the rain to admire.

A Fatal Mistake

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs.) Sold by all druggists.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success.

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for saying it.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Physicians have used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease. Price $1. by druggists.

If you wish to ensure your future success, your days must be spent in industry, your evenings in steay ways.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. Price, 25 cents

Take life just as God gives it to you, and make it as beautiful as you can-



The pills are warranted to be PURELY vegetable, free from all mineral and other poisonous substances. They are a certain cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, and all diseases arising from the

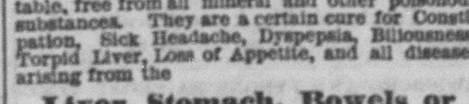
Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys.

They remove all obstructions from the channels of the system and purify the blood, thereby imparting health, strength and vigor. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps by

P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,
83 Mercer St., New York,

Sole Manufacturers of ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.
Send for circular.

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Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.
E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

AGENTS make bushels of money selling the Palestine Wonder. Samples prep'd, 25c. G. J. D. box 104 Buffalo, N.Y.

$10 to $10.000. A systematic way of speculating, giving the small operator equal chance in proportion to those with large capital. WM. S. HADLEY & CO., 431 Walnut St., Phila.

TO MOTHERS
Is your child fretful? Does it pick its nose, start in its sleep, and grind its teeth? If so, it has WORMS, and you should use
CLARK'S INFALLIBLE
WORM SYRUP
AT ONCE. SAFE and EFFECTUAL in its action. 25c. a bottle. Druggists.

TO SPECULATORS.
R. LINDBLOM & CO. 5 & 7 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago. N. G. MILLER & CO. 55 Broadway, New York.
GRAIN AND PROVISION BROKERS.
Members of all prominent Produce Exchanges in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee.
We have exclusive private telegraph wire between Chicago and New York. Will execute orders on our judgment when requested. Send for circulars containing particulars. ROBT. LINDBLOM & CO. Chicago.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer Under his treatment case is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for reply. Main office, 831 Arch Street. Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every 3d Saturday; Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 5th and 6th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7th and 8th of each month.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts.

WHY that change from a fair, fresh, laughing spirited girl to a faded, drooping, tired, melancholy woman? Why that worn and jaded look in the young mother, who was so beautiful and hopeful only a little time ago, at the altar? Why grandma's swollen feet, headache, backache, sideache, and general MALAISE? Was it not wet feet—getting up too soon or something else which interfered with the laws of nature? Don't you know that Dr. Lutze's Specific for Women will positively cure these and all kindred troubles of girlhood, womanhood and motherhood. $2 00. Druggists or by mail. Lady agents. Liberal terms. Address BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Lutze may be consulted free at office or by letter.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored
DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Camphor Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

ELMORE'S RHEUMATINE GOUTALINE
R. G. is the quickest, pleasantest, surest and best remedy for kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and blood diseases, and only real curative ever discovered for Acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Has cured hopeless cases Bright's disease and dyspepsia in 2 weeks—all forms of rheumatic disorders in 3 to 12 weeks—relieves inflammatory in 1 day. Can refer to hundreds of reliable people cured who had tried in vain everything else. Purely botanic, harmless, and nice to drink. Ask your druggist to get it; if he declines send to us for it—take nothing else. Elmore, Adams & Co., 105 William st., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

IT is said that the Japanese style of dressing the hair will soon be generally followed. Buy your bandoline, lard, tallow and soft soap before prices go up.

An Invaluable article. An article like Ely's Cream Balm has long been desired, and now that it is within the reach of sufferers from Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in head, there is every reason to believe they will make the most of it. Dr. W. E. Buckman, W. E. Hamman, druggist, and other Eastonians have given it a trial, and all recommend it in the highest terms.—*Easton (Pa.) Daily Argus.* (Price 50 cents.)

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

When one becomes so conceited that he can't be taught, he and a fool wear the same style of cap.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, Pa. and C. N. CRITTENTON New York.

Our adversaries think they refute us when they reiterate their own opinions without paying attention to ours.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

Carbo-lines.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet,
Yet love wrings triumph from defeat;
And the coarsest hair can still be fine
By using Magic Carboline.

WILD DUCKS.—After they are cleaned and ready for cooking, wrap them in a clean cloth and bury for twelve hours in the earth to remove the strong flavor of these birds. They are usually cooked without stuffing. Three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to cook them. When you dish them, draw a sharp knife three times through the breast, and pour over a gravy of a little hot butter, the juice of a lemon and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. This is poured over as they go on the table.

All the rivers run into the sea "yet it is not full, unto the place whence they come they return again," says Scripture. So science for thousands of years has labored to invent some infallible health restorer, some remedy, which by purifying the fountain head would bring soundness to the whole body, and yet science has to return to the wise old Brahmins and the kind old monks for a sure, safe and pleasant health preserver, "St. Bernard's Vegetable Pills," which by restoring vigor to digestion, nutrition and secretion secures health.

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head, but by evils of the heart.

Dr. Elmore's Rheumatine-Goutaline is now only $1.50 for 35-oz. and $1 for 21-oz. bottles. Cures all rheumatism, malaria, dyspepsia, kidney, liver and bladder diseases. Expressed anywhere. 105 William street, New York.

If we wish to be best judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this—that there is not one of us without fault.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for "Rough on Corns," 15c. Quick relief; complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Malaria, chills, positively cured by Emory's Standard Cure Pills. Their equal unknown; sugar coated; no griping, 25c.

Infancy is a preface which is always worth more than the book.

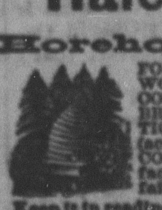
Occasional doses Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator will keep the liver in good order. Sure.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

Piso's Cure for Consumption does not dry up a cough; it removes the cause.

Disease comes in by hundred-weights and goes out by ounces.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar.



FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.
Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. Look out for imitations.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.
German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE IS UNFAILING AND INFALLIBLE IN CURING *Epileptic Fits, Spasm*, Falling Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, and all **Nervous and Blood Diseases.**
To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulent, *Samaritan Nervine* is invaluable.
Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained a sinking system. $1.50, at Druggists. The DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.
For testimonials and circulars send stamp.
Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York. (8)

HOP PLASTER
This porous plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster*. Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.
LAME BACK
Hop Plaster Company, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER
Ely's Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. *From Am. Journal of Medicine.*
Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address
DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

INFORMATION IN REGARD TO
FREE EXCURSION
Rates to Texas, Arkansas and California.
Pamphlets, etc., describing lands for sale can be had by addressing J. J. FOWLER, East. Pass. Ag't, Utica, N. Y.; J. D. McBEATH, N. E. Pass. Ag't, Boston; D. W. JANOWITZ, S. E. Pass. Ag't, Baltimore, Md.
H. B. McCLELLAN,
Gen. East. Pass. Ag't Mo. Pac. R. R., 243 B'dway, N.Y.

VISITING CARDS, Bevel Edge, plain and mounted; imported Embossed, Border, Society, Satin Fringe, Birthday, Love Series, etc. Sample book, 25c. Specimen pack 10c. SEA SHORE PRINTING WORKS, East River, Ct.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

KENTUCKY Farms for sale; $5 to $20 per acre; catalogue free. Gordon & Ramsey, Madisonville, Ky.

Lay the Axe to the Root

If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and healing the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Feb. 27, 84.

CHICAGO THE PLACE

And July 8 the Date When the Democrats Nominate.

End of the Hewitt-O'Donnell Incident—Whisky on Top—The Lasker Matter—Judge McCreary's Successor—The Glass Duty.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—There was a throng of Democratic politicians, including many senators and representatives, in the corridors and around the Arlington hotel, awaiting the result of the meeting of the Democratic national committee. Members of the rival delegations for the convention contest were busy among the members of the committee before they met. The chances from the first favored Chicago. New Yorkers, however, were hopeful of profiting by the division between Chicago and St. Louis, and hoped Saratoga would be selected as a compromise.

Chicago, however, won in the struggle, and the Democratic convention will be held in that city on the 8th of July. The 24th of June was first selected, but a reconsideration was voted by those who were in favor of a short campaign. The contest between St. Louis and Chicago has been very close, Chicago leading by only one vote upon the first ballot. The St. Louis people made a gallant struggle and take their defeat with a very good grace. Some of the disappointed people have said that the location at Chicago was in the interest of Mr. McDonald, but there is no basis for the supposition. It was not until nearly 4:30 o'clock that the final struggle over the location of the convention was settled. Two or three hours were occupied in presenting the claims of rival cities. Nothing illustrates more closely the rivalry of St. Louis and Chicago than the fact that written statements were submitted by W. C. Goudy, of Chicago, and by Col. Prather, of St. Louis, agreeing to pay the full expenses and transportation of the delegates to the national convention as an inducement to capture votes. Neither proposition was accepted by the committee.

The ways and means committee has practically agreed to report favorably a bill extending for two years the bonded period for whisky.

The house committee on foreign affairs, after further discussing the Brumm resolution proposing an investigation of the alleged apology of representative Hewitt to the British minister respecting the passage of the O'Donnell resolution by the house, decided that nothing would be gained by an investigation, and therefore agreed to report back the resolution with a recommendation that the committee be discharged from its further consideration.

Some discussion took place on the Lasker resolutions, but as the committee had no official information on the subject action was deferred. It was decided to take up the Chinese immigration matter on Thursday next and dispose of it.

The banking and currency committee of the house will on Tuesday next take a vote on a bill which is identical with the McPherson bill now pending in the senate.

The house committee on the judiciary ordered favorable reports to be made on the following bills: Making bills of lading in interstate and foreign commerce conclusive evidence as against a carrier in favor of any bona fide holder for value; for the establishment of a new district court at Peoria, and on the bill increasing the salaries of district and circuit judges and for judges in the District of Columbia.

The house committee on public lands heard argument in opposition to the proposed forfeiture of the land grant of the New Orleans and Baton Rouge railroad.

The name of Representative McCrary, of Iowa, has, through his state officers, bar of the supreme bench and colleagues in congress, irrespective of party, been formally presented to the president for appointment as judge of the Eighth United States circuit, vice McCreary, resigned. It is urged by friends of Mr. McCoid that his appointment is one which would prove most fortunate and wise; that he is adapted to the bench by his qualities of mind and professional study and experience.

Maj. Arthur Bingham, a prominent Republican of Alabama, and at present collector of internal revenue in the state, and Mr. H. A. Wilson, receiver of public money at Montgomery, were asked, "How do the Republicans of Alabama feel concerning the presidential outlook?" "A large number of the white Republicans are for Arthur" was the reply, "but the negroes to man are for Logan. It is a mystery how they have come to look with so much favor upon him unless they think that Mr. Arthur has treated them in a slighting manner."

The house committee on foreign affairs considered the subjects of Chinese immigration and the Herr Lasker and Hewitt-O'Donnell resolutions. The session was secret.

The O'Farrel-Paul contested election case, from Virginia, was under consideration by the house committee on elections. Edgar Allen spoke for the contestant and John W. Daniel for the contestee.

Frank Bodine, of New Jersey, a glass manufacturer, addressed the house committee on ways and means against a reduction of duty on glass and glassware, and in support of duty on filled bottles.

Keeping Faith With the Indians.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—The Indian Rights association, of this city, composed of leading citizens who have given the question much attention, has issued an appeal to congress asking the appropriation of $500,000 for educating the children of nine tribes. Treaties were made with these tribes in 1867 and 1868, whereby, in consideration of an agreement by the government to provide a school building and a teacher for every thirty children for ten years, and in some cases for thirty years, large tracts of land were added to the public domain. The fund from this source that now accumulated until there will remain $6,759,460 unexpended at the close of the current fiscal year. It is thought wise to expend this entire sum in a single year, but the association, in agreement with the secretary of the interior, insists that $500,000 can be prudently expended. It is calculated that these civilized tribes have about 30,000 youths. It is proposed to educate one-fourth of them in manual labor schools and another fourth at reservation day schools. A certain number are to be sent to schools like those at Hampton and Carlisle, while the remainder are to be provided for in primary day schools.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find it an effectual cure for eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that breaks out on the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood, caused by rea-diet and life on board ship.

Walnut curtin poles, 35c at Garmans

DIFFERING OPINIONS

On the Eligibility of Prominent Presidential Candidates.

The Men of Both Parties Mentioned For the Nomination — Their Varying Strength in Various Localities.

HARTFORD, Ct., Feb. 14.—Some of the fattest offices in this state are occupied by men who own or edit the Republican newspapers. Postmaster N. D. Sperry, of New Haven, dictates the course of The New Haven Palladium. United States Marshal John C. Kinney has been for years the principal editor of The Hartford Courant. It is pretty certain when the time comes that there will be newspaper workers enough for Arthur. But while this is true, there are those who say that a boom in that direction now might be prematurely fatal. Among such are Mr. N. Taylor Baldwin, whose opinion is always heeded by the Republicans. He says: "An out-and-out boom for Arthur would be fatal to his chances. But if it shall seem that the nomination has come to him unsought, in response to the wishes of the people, Connecticut will support him with hearty good will. The government office holders in Connecticut are for Arthur without exception."

Gen. Wm. H. Bulkley, who headed the Republican forces a year ago last fall, but was defeated by Gov. Waller, says his personal preferences are for Blaine. But he believes if it shall appear in the national convention that New York is to be the pivot state nothing short of a stroke of Divine Providence will prevent Arthur's nomination. And Gen. Arthur, he thinks, is politician enough to carry New York.

Ex-Insurance Commissioner John W. Brooks, of Litchfield county, thinks Gen. Sherman has the best backing in his section of the state. State's Attorney "Sam" Fessenden, of Stamford, who has always been a Blaine man, and was ready to stand alone for him in the Chicago convention in 1880, has lost none of his enthusiasm for his old favorite, and whatever influence he has in Fairfield county will be used this year as heretofore for the Maine statesman. Windham county, which has a bright posse of young politicians, headed by John M. Hall, who was speaker of the house of representatives two years ago, and ex-Secretary of State Charles E. Searles, has a good deal of kindly feeling toward Senator Edmunds. New London county will be for Arthur, standing by Hartford and New Haven counties when the test comes. The undercurrent is an Arthur one, and it is gaining strength every day among the political leaders.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14.—A Times Washington special has the following:

"The zeal of The National Republic and The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette in rebuking ex-Gov. Foster for saying that Ohio would be hard to carry for Arthur, has stirred the waters mightily. The ex-governor is not a man so easily put down. On this question at least he has the courage of his convictions. Testimony backing up Foster's opinion is coming in from the rural districts. It is stronger even than the original assertion. It differs from what is felt by Republicans in congress only in that it is outspoken. Ohio Republicans in congress, like a good many out of congress, are diplomatic on the subject. There is a whole year yet in which Arthur will dispense patronage. As a rough hewer from the rural district says: "Pigs don't break out of the pen so long as there is swill for them."

But the Ohio Republicans who do not feed at the trough of official patronage back Foster and there are those in office who do it also. Gen. Swaim, Garfield's valuable and trusted friend, does dispute him. Col. Rockwell, one of Arthur's official household, as he was of Garfield's, does not. Judge Taylor, Garfield's successor in congress, who has been quoted apparently against Foster, like Orator Puff, has two tunes to his voice, his real sentiment being that it would be up-hill work to carry Ohio with Arthur. This is the opinion of the Ohio Republicans in congress, despite the language put in their mouths seemingly to the contrary.

All this sort of thing, though Foster did not so intend it, makes for John Sherman. There is not one of them who will not say that if there is a Republican who can carry Ohio it is Sherman. What his friends are saying is: "The man who can carry Ohio can have New York, and the man who cannot carry New York cannot have Ohio," a description of double-back-action reasoning considerably used at present at Arthur's expense. Besides, who but Sherman can carry Ohio in October? As yet Foster and Sherman are apart, except as to Arthur. This may yet be the one touch of interest which will make them friends.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Chris. L. Magee, of Pittsburg, was in the city to-day consulting with other members of the Republican congressional executive committee in regard to the coming campaign.

Speaking of the chances of the presidential candidates in Pennsylvania, Mr. Magee said he had no doubt of the strong feeling in favor of Blaine, but he had some doubts as to whether Blaine would be a candidate. "He has been twice before Republican conventions, and twice the conventions have thought it best not to nominate him. As to Arthur, I think he is increasing in popular estimation, and may be a good man to nominate. His actions in the last two years have certainly increased the feeling in his favor. Logan is strong among the soldier element, and may also get some support from the state. As to Cameron's opinions on the subject I really know nothing. He is taking no interest in Pennsylvania politics at present, and knows nothing about them. Sam Bailey, of Harrisburg, I am quoted in favor of Logan. He does want him nominated; he has made no secret of it for years. At the time of the Cincinnati convention he talked strongly in his favor, and I shall be much to have the Pennsylvania delegation vote for him."

Congressman Sam Barr denies that he has received orders from Senator Cameron to work for Logan's nomination. He says, however, that he is for the Illinois senator. Representative Bayne has no doubt that Blaine would accept the nomination.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, thinks Senator-elect Payne, of Ohio, will be the presidential nominee of the Democrats this year, and that the Republicans must select some man who can carry both Ohio and New York. He thinks they can find a man that would be able to carry either of them, but what is wanted is a man that can carry Ohio in October, and both states in November, that's the rub, says he.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—Twenty-five hundred circulars were sent from Sacramento to the Democrats of the state inquiring their preference for a presidential candidate. One thousand answers have been received, giving 800 for Tilden, 123 for Thurman and five for Judge Field.

Death of an Old Veteran.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Col. Edward Simms, aged ninety, one of the defenders of the capital against the British in 1814, died here last night. He had lived here since the foundation of the city.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Chapter I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 pounds to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, 81. R. FITZPATRICK.

Chapter II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen: I suffered with attacks of sick headache,"

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I had used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

Pronounced by Boston's best physicians

Incurable!

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

Lives of eight persons

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

They almost

Do miracles." —MRS. E. D. SLACK.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all vile nostrums advertised, and then you want to know "how to get well," which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!"

—Subscribers who send us change in postage stamps, will please send no other denomination than 2 cent stamps. 3t

—WANTED.—A good, strong young horse for delivering goods.

VALENTINES STORE CO., LTM.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

—Teachers' blank certificates for scholars, at the REPORTER office. tf

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 P.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon.....	7.00	9.10	2.40	6.40	7.20
Lewisburg, ar.	7.10	9.20	2.45	6.50	5.30
Lewisburg, lv.	8.25		10.05	2.10	
Fair Ground...	7.30		10.13	2.20	
Biehl.....	7.40		10.27	2.30	
Vicksburg.....	7.45		10.36	2.35	
Mifflinburg....	8.00ar.		11.00	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			3.00	
Millmont.....	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton.....	8.33			3.40	
Coburn.....	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Spring Mills		5.58			1.50
Coburn.....		6.4			2.20
Laurelton.....		7.30			3.40
Millmont.....		7.49			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		A.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		11.55	4.15
			P.M.		
Vicksburg.....		8.15		12.10	4.32
Biehl.....		8.00		12.13	4.28
Fair Ground		8.29		12.23	4.38
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.53		12.50	5.55
Lewisburg, lv. 6.35		8.45	2.25	1.10	5.00
Montandon ar. 5.45		ar. 9.00	ar. 2.35	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.10

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 3.50 P. M. and 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6.00 P. M. and 7.55 P. M.

DISSOLUTION.—The general partnership here-to-fore existing between the undersigned is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the firm will be settled by Wm. Pealer, at the store of J. D. Long. WM. PEALER,
J. D. LONG.

Spring Mills, Pa., Feb 1, '84. 6t

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY.

FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG BARGAINS

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.
Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from unctuous, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Cut This Out & Return to us with 10c. Silver, & you'll get by mail a SOUVENIR OF GOODS worth many times the money, that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either sex. No capital. Address, H. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

Lyon & Co.'s Store.

SNAPS FOR YOU SNAPS FOR YOU!

OUR WAY OF SELLING OFF A LARGE WINTER STOCK AT SHORT NOTICE!

$40,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, & CAPS, &c., AT ALMOST HALF PRICE!

Read this through to the end. There is something that will strike you. Then come with your sheckles. Come soon, because we will offer things at less than we can replace them, for after they are sold, we can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Wool Brocaded Fine Dress Goods 15 cts a yard, Elsewhere 30c
Another lot 8 cents a yard.

One lot of good Gingham	7 cts a yard
One lot of best Gingham	6 "
White Bed Spreads	45 "
Cotton Flannel	6 "
Best Calico	6 "
Best Shirting	8 "
Plaid Flannels	7 "
Red Table Linen	18 "
Double White Cashmeres	12 "
All Wool Black and Colored Cashmeres	25 "
Red Plaid Flannels	7 "
Ladies' Gossamers	55 "

ALL WOOL CASHMERES BLACK & COLORED, AT LEAST ONE THIRD CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE

Plaid Dress Goods	6, 8 & 10 cts a yard
Appleton "A" Muslin	7½ cts a yard
Red all Wool Flannels from	15 cts up
One extra quality Black Silk at 50 and 75 cts a yard, other places	$1 00 to 1 25
One lot extra quality Black Silk $1, elsewhere	1 50
One lot extra superb quality Black Silk $1 25, elsewhere	2 00
One lot extra heavy Superb Quality Black Silk, $1 75, elsewhere	2 50 & 3 00

COLORED SILK, EXTRA HEAVY, 75 cts. IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

Colored silks from	50cts a yard
A new and superb quality all Silk Satin Rhodena	75cts, City prices $1 50
The finest quality 1¼ yard wide, all Wool Dress Cloth and Flannel, $1 per yard, same quality elsewhere	$1 25 per yard
Silk Plushes from	75cts up
Silk Velvets	1 00 & 1 25 up
Velveteen from	35cts up
Colored Blankets from	75cts a pair up
White Blankets from	1 65 a pair up
Undershirts and Drawers from	20 cts up
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for	25 cts
Children's Hose 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Socks 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Wool Hose 18 cts per pair, elsewhere	25 cts
Men's fine seamless all Wool Hose	18 cts a pair.

SHOES AT HALF PRICE

Ladies' Shoes Good Calf	$1 00 a pair
Ladies' Calf Shoes	2 25 a pair
Children's Shoes	25c, 50c & 40 cts a pair
Ladies' Button Shoe from	$1 00 a pair
Ladies Button Shoes Finest Quality	1 50 a pair
Best quality Warranted	1 50 to 2 00
French Kid	2 50 to 3 50

WRIGHT'S BEST ROCHESTER MAKE

Men's Heavy Winter Pants	75cts a pair.
Men's Heavy Winter Pants	$1 00, 1 25 & 1 50
Children's suits from	1 00 and up

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats	$3 00, 4 00, & 5 00 and up
Men's all Wool suits from	6 00 up
Men's Fine Boots	2 00 a pair
Men's Heavy Boots	1 00 per pair
Boys' Boots	1 25 per pair
Ladies's Castor and Kid Gloves	25 cts per pair
Men's Castor and Buck Gloves	75 cts up

We have no space to mention all the bargains we have, but we have $40,000 worth of stock which shall go in the next 30 days at almost half price.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

CALL ON US AND SAVE MONEY MONEY RETURNED IF PURCHASE NOT SATISFACTORY

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The Largest Stock and Marked Down 35 per cent from last month's Prices.

June 28 LYON & CO.
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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges.

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
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A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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CONFECTIONERY, and EATING HOUSE at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style.

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CARRIAGE WORKS
CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a,
Where are kept on hand and for sale.
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—PHAETONS,
—SPRING WAGONS,
—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, according to quality. There are only added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

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Situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS, also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

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Dealer In DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

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Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission
Insures First-class Life Companies,
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BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
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A sixteen page agricultural magazine, published at Ft. Wayne, Ind., and which is rapidly taking rank among the leading agricultural journals of the country. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of the Farmer, Stock Breeder, Dairyman, Gardener, and their Households, and every species of industry connected with that great portion of the people of the world, the Farmer. The subscription price is $1.00 per year. Farmers can not well get along without it. It puts new ideas into their minds. If rightly used it makes the farm with profit to the owner. It makes the home happy, the young folks cheerful, the grower contented, the old most happy, and the democratic heart.

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For the Farm and Garden. 180 pages.
500 illustrations, and a beautiful Colored Plate of Flowers. Tells What, When and How to plant and is full of information invaluable to all interested in gardening. Mailed for 6c., to cover postage.

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A FLOWER GARDEN FOR $1.00.
20 packets choice Flower Seeds (*our selection*), including WILD GARDEN SEEDS (a mixture of 100 varieties of Flower Seeds), for $1.00.

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The Great German Remedy
FOR
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Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Druggists in Bellefonte, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

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THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

Durham is historic. It was neutral ground during the armistice between Sherman and Johnson. Soldiers of both armies filled their pouches with the tobacco stored there, and, after the surrender, marched homeward. Soon orders came from East, West, North and South, for "more of that elegant tobacco." Then, ten men ran an unknown factory. Now it employs 800 men, uses the pink and pick of the Golden Belt, and the Durham Bull is the trade-mark of this, the best tobacco in the world. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco has the largest sale of any smoking tobacco in the world. Why? Simply because it is the *best*. All dealers have it. Trade-mark of the Bull.

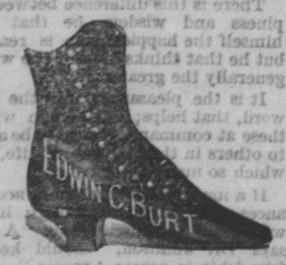


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REAPER SECTIONS AND
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Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children
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MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS,
PLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS
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AT SPRING MILLS,
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WINTER GOODS, &c., &c., &c.
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FLANNELS, OVERCOATS,
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Successor to Pealer & Long.

OPPOSING INTERESTS

Striking Hands and Uniting in Favor of Arthur.

Details of a Significant Conference.—New York Politicians in Secret Conclave — Millerites Get Their Heads Together.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 14.—The Express to-day prints the following under the heading, "A Startling Coalition":

"From sources which we have been accustomed to find trustworthy, we derive the following very important and very surprising information:

"That the Hon. Titus Sheard, speaker of the assembly; the Hon. John W. Vrooman, clerk of the state senate, and the Hon. Charles A. Chickering, clerk of the assembly, all three gentlemen close political friends, if not indeed political creatures, of Senator Warner Miller, left Albany last Friday afternoon or evening, traveling separately and by different trains, but all coming to Buffalo.

"That in Buffalo they did not register at any hotel nor appear at any public place, but preserved a strict incognito.

"That on Saturday, in this city, they held a private conference with Mr. James D. Warren, chairman of the Republican state committee, in regard to the coming state convention and district conventions to choose delegates to Chicago.

"That at this private conference an agreement was reached that Chairman Warren should strike hands with the three representatives of Senator Miller in favor of district conventions.

"That in certain well informed quarters it is believed this means a union of the hitherto opposing interests in an effort to capture district delegates for Arthur.

"We have been able to verify the information as to the secret visit of the Albany statesmen to Buffalo last Saturday.

"We have not been able to verify the statement of their meeting and agreement with Mr. Warren, though we know that the speaker telegraphed to, and was called on here by a well known Stalwart politician and advocate of Arthur's nomination.

"If these gentlemen came from Albany on public business, or on legitimate private business, why this midnight secrecy, this incognito, this refusal to register at their hotels, this avoidance of appearing in public places where they might be recognized?

"It is only when men are on questionable errands that they wear masks."

It is learned that both Sheard and Vrooman stopped at the Genessee house, but avoided registering, and gave directions that no one should be informed of their presence. Collector Charles A. Gould admits having a conference with Sheard, having met him in response to a telegram, but says the purpose of Sheard's visit was to look after financial interests. Sheard is one of the creditors of Hiram Exstein, who assigned some time ago. Gould says Sheard came to see about his interests in the Exstein property. Exstein says, however, that he did not see Sheard, though he left his card at his place of business. One of Exstein's assignees says he saw Sheard, but that Sheard's errand here was of a political and not of a business nature.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The Sun of to-day has the following on the same subject: A few days ago Senator Miller dropped into New York city for a night and summoned his Albany triumvirate, Clerk Vrooman of the senate, Clerk Chickering of the assembly, and Speaker Sheard, to meet him there for orders. Legislative business kept the trjumvirate in Albany for a few days, but when the legislature took its weekly recess last Friday the three Millerites hied them to Buffalo as message bearers from the boss to the chairman of the Arthur Committee. The result of the visit was a definite understanding as to the calling of the state convention to elect four delegates at large at an early day, and the abandonment of the Stalwart scheme to force the election of all the delegates at the state convention.

The New Orleans Exposition.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 14.—The director general of the World's exposition has been notified by Gen. Diaz, commissioner general for Mexico, that 40,000 feet of space in the main exposition building is required for the exhibit of Mexican minerals, woods, etc., and 120,000 feet outside the building for the Mexican garden, the building for the Mexican commission and for a camping ground for a battalion of Mexican troops. Director Gen. Burke has designated 50,000 feet inside and 200,000 feet outside the main building. Over $200,000 has been appropriated by the Mexicans, who will send a magnificent band of musicians and a corps of cadets. A special commissioner will leave here on the 20th inst. to conclude arrangements with the Central American republics and with South America for displays of the products of those countries. It is probable that the main building, although larger than the Centennial building, will not afford sufficient space, and a proposition is now on foot to erect a special building for the collective exhibits of the United States government departments, each state, territory and the chief cities. The governor of Louisiana will recommend a large appropriation, and local organizations are being formed throughout the south.

Brooklyn Bogus Divorces.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 14.—Nothing new is developed in connection with the divorce frauds unearthed by District Attorney Ridgway, of Kings county. The detectives have not succeeded in finding Munro Adams nor in arresting other parties to the conspiracy. Mr. Ridgway believes he has sufficient evidence to convict John J. Law of forgery, as his name, believed to be signed by himself, is attached to numbers of the fraudulent documents in the possession of the authorities. It is now believed that Adams is identical with one William Adams, who was indicted for perjury in a divorce case some time ago, but who was never tried. Law was at the Brooklyn court house, and not only assured his friends of his innocence, but also asserted that he would be able to prove it at the proper time.

Crazed by Reading Flash Stories.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Feb. 14.—Two boys, aged about sixteen, giving the names of Walter Hicks and Chauncey Ruby, were arrested here last night. They arrived by the Grand Trunk Railway Atlantic express from the west, and evidently believed they were in the United States. Three loaded revolvers, a supply of ammunition and a book, the Adventures and Exploits of Frank and Jesse James, were found in their possession, also some scrip, which they acknowledged having stolen at Berlin, Ont. A German confederate was arrested.

Connecticut Team Shooting.

BRIDGEPORT, Feb. 14.—At the recent contest for the championship of the state by the gun clubs, teams of four men each from Bridgeport, New Haven, Wallingford, Meriden and Winsted participated. The Wallingford club were the victors by a score of seventy-six out of a possible one hundred.

Good goods at bottom prices are bound to take. The key note of Garmans—success.

A Senator's Claim for $250,000.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Surrogate Rollins gave a decision upon a petition of ex-Senator Thomas J. Creamer for the removal of Mrs. Mary J. Waller as executrix of the estate of her husband, the late Commodore John R. Waller, or for an order requiring her to give security as executrix. He claims that the estate of Commodore Waller is indebted to him in the sum of $250,000. The claim was assigned by Mrs. Mary J. Hutchings to ex-Senator Creamer, and is said to be based upon money loaned and securities to Commodore Waller by Mrs. Hutchings. Mrs. Waller emphatically denied the existence of any such claim. Surrogate Rollins said the case should go to a referee.

The Governor Badly Shocked.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Feb. 23.—A movement is on foot in St. James' aristocratic club here to strike the name of Walter Wilson, who deserted his intended bride on the day appointed for the wedding, from the list of members. A letter has been received from Glasgow, saying that Wilson's father, who is a wealthy contractor there, was so shocked at hearing of his son's conduct that he had a stroke of paralysis.

Murder, Not Accident.

JACKSON, O., Feb. 23.—Superintendent Benj. McCloud, of the Comet Coal mine, was not run down by a locomotive and killed, as reported, but on the contrary, was murdered and laid on the track, that the work of the wheels might destroy the traces of the crime.

MERITED PRAISE.

The universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is merited. Its virtues are universally known and its cures reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumbed to it after they had been given up by the doctors and a thorough trestment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

—Now is the time, while prices have been again reduced at the Philadelphia Branch, to get ready-made clothing for less money than ever before. Prices have been reduced in order to get rid of stock on hand and make room for the spring trade. This is a rare chance for first-class ready-made clothing, every article sold will be warranted as represented.

GARDEN GROWTH TEAS.

Families can save about one-half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.

Send for circular, which gives prices and full particulars, to ROBERT WELLS, President, P. O. Box 1287. 43 Vessey St., New York.

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of our own garden growth, China or Japan Teas, sent by mail, post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid. 12feb3m

MADE ON PURPOSE.

One of Those Mistakes (?) Which are More Frequent than Profitable.

"Why, my child, this is not BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER," said a father to his little daughter, after examining a package she had just brought from the drug store.

"Isn't it, papa? I am sorry, but I asked the man for Benson's—I know I did, and he took the 25 cents you gave me to pay for it with," exclaimed the child, positively. "Maybe the drug man made a mistake."

"I'll go 'round and see myself," was the gentleman's comment, as he donned his coat and hat.

"Why didn't you send me Benson's plaster instead of this cheap and trashy thing?"

"Why I thought that would suit you just as well and—"

"You thought? you thought! What business had you to think? I don't pay you for thinking, but for filling my order," said the indignant caller, contemptuously. "Take that thing back and give me my money, I'll get what I want elsewhere." feb.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufacturers—

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,

D. Armstrongs Rochester Shoes,

Mens Fine Shoes

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No. 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, Pa.

BULWER LYTTON'S BRIDGE.

Where it Touches the Shores and the Great Columns in Midstream.

"What a beautiful bridge between old age and childhood is religion. How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively, on quitting life, the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant," remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Strange Story."

Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and desolation. Prayer and worship alone do not sustain these. Nature's solid rocks must lie unshaken beneath, and human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best exemplified in the laws He has made for the creatures whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Forget me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain.

Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of heaven itself. Divinity heals through its agents, and those agents are the discoveries of men; not the vague announcements of prophets or seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problem and duties weakened? You are not well. Your blood is sluggish and tainted, perhaps, or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dispepsia, rheumatism, gout, malaria, pains in the stomach, chronic headache or any of a half a dozen other ills. PARKER'S TONIC will invigorate you, as fresh air invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, fetid cells. It is powerful pure, delicious, scientific, safe—the keystone of the central arch of the bridge of life. feb

CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS WHOOPING COUGH AND BRONCHITIS

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP 25 CTS. A BOTTLE

CROUP INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION & A PLEASANT AND SURE CURE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

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SPRING MILLS, PA.
Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING
Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.
Everything in the line of
COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES.
PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!
TINWARE
of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec y



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Great Reduction
in all kinds of
WINTER GOODS, BLANKETS
HATS, GLOVES
Hosiery, Underwear, Boots, Flannels even if you do not need them this Season it will repay you to buy and hold them over until next.
We have a large stock of Turkey Prunes and have reduced them to 8 cents per pound—3 lbs. for 23 cents.
Try our Choice Syrup at 60 cents per gallon. Also have a good one, a little dark in color, at 45 cents.
QUEENS & GLASSWARE also greatly reduced in price.
VALENTINE STORE Co., Lim.,
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine



Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER. HAS NO EQUAL.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
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ALEXANDER & BOWER,
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$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

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Having made large contracts with leading manufacturers of
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and all other grades of carpets, we are enabled to display a much larger and more complete stock than ever before. Great care has been taken in selecting the choicest and artistic designs. It has already become proverbial that if you want pretty as well as cheap CARPETS you must go to the BEE-HIVE, and now we are doubly prepared to maintain our reputation.

A General line of
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
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MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.
We are now receiving our Spring Stock of Woolens to which an early call of inspection is most respectfully solicited. There being always a lull between seasons, therefore in order to keep our tailors working we will allow a SPECIAL DISCOUNT on all orders given up to March 1st.

Store lighted by Electricity so that you can make selections by night as well as by day. Also Telephone Connections.

GOLDSMITH BROS,
BEE-HIVE ONE PRICED STORES,
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MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.
Offers his services to the public. He is thoroughly experienced in his line of trade and guarantees satisfaction to all. Having had many years experience in cutting, he gives his customers only first class work. Parties needing new suits of any kind, can have them put up as cheap, if not cheaper, than elsewhere, and will be sure to be pleased. Has constantly on hand samples of all kinds of goods and can furnish a complete outfit. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

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THREE PRAYERS.

Beneath a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrows made,
Three simple maidens knelt them down,
And from their hearts devoutly pray'd.

One, dreaming of created things—
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright, happy birds, with painted wings,
Glad buds that bloom before they die.
The waving woods—the scented air
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs
Was heard the gentle maiden's prayer:
"Oh give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden furnace seemed to glow
Within the second maiden's breast:
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest.
Ambition dazzled in her eyes
That life's reward—a deathless name;
Then from her heart came stifled cries:
"If I may live, oh! give me fame?"

The third fair maiden knelt apart,
Her eyes—a heaven star'd with tears.
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heav'n above;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift:
Let me be loved by one I love!"

BEWITCHED BY A FLIRT.

"Yes, there was no denying it; Marcella Hamilton was despondent over a letter she had just received from Leonie Summers. She was coming to Westfield, the communication said, that among the enjoyment of other pleasant things she might make the acquaintance of that serious Ernest Forster, so soon to become her cousin. There was the difficulty. Although Marcella had not seen Leonie for some years, she knew she was faultlessly beautiful. Bred in the school of fashionable life, elegant in appearance and endowed with an indomitable spirit of flirtation that was never at rest, Miss Summers possessed irresistible fascinations; therefore, was it any wonder this plain little country lass feared to have her lover exposed to the witcheries of this captivating woman?

Marcella could not be called beautiful; yet when one caught a glance from those great blue eyes of hers it was next to impossible not to wish for an other. When she laughed there was such a cluster of dimples around the little rosebud mouth, and such a gleaming set of pearls displayed between the full red lips that the observer could not find the slightest fault with her charming face. Some complained that she lacked repose, that her figure was too full, her color too fresh, her manners too unpolished; yet in spite of all these defects she had won the love of the dignified Ernest Forrester, and was soon to become his wife.

Marcella had passed her seventeenth summer. What were her accomplishments? She could sing, for she loved music and her voice rivaled the nightingale's; she could dance all night and feel no fatigue, she could row a boat equal to an expert, and she could ride her pony Brown Bess whom no other woman could mount; besides, she was a skilled little housekeeper. These constituted all her acquirements.

Ernest Forrester was an honest persevering man, without the slightest touch of romance about him. He possessed a large fortune. Innumerable were the traps laid by scheming mammas for his capture, but he only laughed at the machinations of his besiegers and went on his way unmoved. Everybody said Marcella's motives were mercenary when it was known that she was the recipient of Ernest's smiles. Even she could not tell how it came about that she was betroth to him. She had hitherto looked upon him as a good fellow, whom, as she would, of course marry some time, she might as well take as any other; but now, when the thought of her beautiful cousin and the knowledge of her own inability to equal her in attractions came to her, her eyes were opened, and she felt that Ernest Forrester was rather more necessary to her happiness than she had ever before realized.

While Marcella, not very well pleased, was pondering over her difficulties Ernest came to her. Never had he looked so manly, so noble, never had his keen eyes flashed out such intelligence, and never had Marcella felt so deeply and truly in love with him.

"She has come," he said, while a perplexed expression settled on his face.

"Who has come?" asked Marcella. "How do you know?"

"Where were your ears that you did not hear the carriage? I have come to take you to her. Now, I suppose, we shall be overwhelmed with sentiment! Don't let her lead you into the same trick, Marcella, for my sake."

While Ernest was speaking a bright face was peering through the tangled vines above his head and a pair of delicate ears were drinking in every word he uttered. If there ever was determination in a pair of eyes, those reguish ones were thoroughly filled with it. A scattering of leaves from the honeysuckle caused Marcella and her companion to look up, but the face had disappeared, and a bird flying out furnished an excuse for the rustling shower. "They are a disgrace to womankind, these silly nonentities," Ernest continued, while the face that had been so rapidly withdrawn again looked down through the interstices of the vine, "these doll-baby creatures who think with their sentiment to make all men their slaves."

"But Leonie is intelligent as well as beautiful. You must like her, Ernest; remember she will be your cousin soon."

When the day had passed and the gas was lighted Ernest came in. He took Leonie's hand in his, looking down in her shy, girlish eyes with an effort to be agreeable to her, and glancing occasionally, at Marcella with a martyr-like air, as if to ask her if he was making himself ridiculous enough to please her. Many subjects were discussed during the evening, among them literature, history, science and the classics, on all of which Leonie was well informed. She even ventured at times to set Ernest right as to some name or date that had escaped his memory. Leonie was clever. Keen wisdom had taught her that men of worth looked farther than the surface in making the choice of a wife, and she knew better than to leave a single stone unturned that could avail her in her search after a handsome settlement.

If Ernest Forrester despised her as a silly flirt, he hated her as a learned woman. What right had she, whose waist he could crush with a grasp of his hand, to set up for a classical scholar, and even to correct him with whom no one in the village ever thought of being on an equality? "She is a walking encyclopedia," he said to Marcella the next day, "an impertinent, egotistical little thing! Don't ask me if I like her! Another evening like the last would kill me!"

"Do you ride, Mr. Forrester?" inquired a soft voice at his side, coming so unexpectedly upon him that he forgot his dignity and gave a great start.

"Ride? Why—yes—I—ride, of course; but I fear our horses are too spritted for you."

As he said this he glanced with contempt at her delicate hands and wrists.

"I should like to try them, although I am not a very good rider," rejoined Leonie.

"For my sake, gratify her," whispered Marcella, imploringly, in her lover's ear.

"Well, then, dearest, for your sake I will," returned Ernest, also in a whisper, but there was an expression on his face that told of no great unwillingness to comply with Marcella's request.

Leonie looked splendidly in her riding habit, and as she stood there in the fading sunlight, drawing on a pair of tiny gloves and glancing deferentially at Ernest Marcella began to conclude she had better not throw her lover too much into the company of her beautiful cousin.

"Why, what kind of grooming do you call this, Marcella?" said Leonie as she pointed to the head of Brown Bess, whose mane had been braided into a band. Holding her whip under her arm, she proceeded, with the air of a jockey, to examine the points of the horse she was about to mount.

"You will find her a little frisky at the start, I'm afraid" said Ernest as he arranged the bit at Leonie's suggestion to give her a tighter rein.

If there was anything in which Marcella excelled it was riding, but as there was no horse in the stable she would ride except her own Brown Bess, she remained at home, and Ernest had the little equestrienne to himself, never dreaming of the tears in the eyes of his betrothed as their horses disappeared in the distance. For a time the riders ambled along in silence, Mr. Forrester dividing his admiration between Leonie's superb management of Brown Bess and the fairy figure so gracefully sitting in the saddle. The exercise of the ride had sent a glow to the girl's cheek and a sparkle to her eye; she seemed to be mutely supplicating him to think more favorably of her than he had yet done.

Leonie reined up her horse beneath the shadow of a grove that skirted the road, and sat gazing at the sunset that was filling the heavens with golden glory.

"What a placid scene!" she exclaimed. "I don't like it, I never could be reconciled to its monotony!"

"What then would you have, Miss Summers?"

"Storms, wildness, strength—strength both in man and the elements!" As she spoke, her glance, as if unconsciously, rested on Mr. Forrester's massive form. Catching his eye, her face flushed, and, turning away, she exclaimed: "There is a sensation within me that wars with the calm phases of nature!"

Leonie sat half reclining on the pommel of her saddle, gazing absently upon the landscape, seemingly unobservant of the furtive glances cast at her from the eyes of her companion. She was the first to break silence. With a light laugh she cried:

"How strange it must seem to you to hear me talk in this wild way; but I have become so sick of the world."

"You!" "No wonder Ernest smiled.

"You smile, but what can you know of life, living here, as you do, in quietude, where friendship is more than a mere name, where love begins and ends in the heart and not in the pocket? I have spent years seeking an object worthy of my love, and now when—But I must walk! I am losing my self-control! Forget all I have said!"

Tossing the reins to her astonished companion, she glided to the ground, and was almost instantly lost in the forest by the river. What a puzzled face Ernest wore as she left him in charge of the horses! Forget? That was the very way to make him remember! What could she mean? Mr. Forrester, though a most sensible man, was only human; he was not proof against the witchery of such a beautiful fairy as Leonie. Had he heard her amused laugh when out of earshot he would have thought he had something more to learn before his education in heart matters were completed. A little scream broke in upon his reverie, and Leonie dragging her whip, came limping back to him.

"It is nothing," she replied to his inquiries; "only a slight sprain that will soon be well."

Mr. Forrester was so anxious about her hurt that he removed her shoe and took her little foot in his hand to see that no bones were broken. What a tremor he was in, to be sure, and how carefully he conducted her home and carried her into the house, her soft eyes all the while beaming on him with such loving thankfulness. Marcella met them at the door, but it was not until Leonie was cozily nestling among the sofa pillows that Ernest found time for an explanation.

"How kind you always are, dearest!" exclaimed Marcella, placing her arms around his neck as she was accustomed to do. He rudely withdrew from her caress and in a quick, angry voice exclaimed:

"Don't be so stupid, Marcella!"

Poor girl! the threatening shadow so dimly visible to her on the reception of her cousin's letter had fallen and inclosed her in its somber embrace.

For a whole month Marcella's heart was torn with conflicting emotions. She knew if her affianced husband was lost to her, no other of life's disasters could bring her more suffering, but to be the witness of Leonie's triumphs, to see with what rapture her lover listened to every word that fell from her rival's lips, to know that the warm affection and fond carelessess that of right belonged to her were lavished upon one whose only aim was to conquer another heart to swell the number of her victories was more than she could bear. One evening, feeling particularly unhappy, Marcella sought refuge in an arbor in the garden, where she could indulge in her grief unseen. The place was so thickly covered with creeping vines that the moon's rays could not penetrate it, and she felt safe in her solitude. She threw herself prostrate on a seat and was weeping bitterly when she was startled by the sounds of footsteps. Rising from her recumbent position, she had scarcely time to shrink into a dark corner, when Ernest and Leonie came in and, brushing her dress as they passed her, seated themselves almost at her side.

"To think I could ever have disliked you, darling!" were the first words that Ernest spoke. "Do you know that on your arrival I was quite indignant at your intrusion!"

"And now?" said Leonie.

"Ah! now I feel that I am beginning to live."

"Sometimes I fear I have wronged Marcella."

"Marcella never loved me; you see yourself how coolly she resigns her claim upon me."

The wretched Marcella shrank tremblingly away in the darkness, while every word they uttered was burning itself into her brain.

"I should have been glad to know she regretted me," said Ernest; "but I have often thought her undemonstrative affection could not satisfy my craving for exclusive love, which I feel now more than ever."

Marcella grew fainter and fainter, and, while these cruel words were yet on Ernest's lips, she fell headlong into his arms. Rousing herself and springing from them as if their clasp was contagion, she exclaimed:

"Don't touch me! Go—both of you! Go, I say!"

Was this the undemonstrative Marcella whose passiveness Ernest had just bewailed? Standing forth in the moonlight with both arms extended to repulse them, she appeared like a young lioness robbed of her prey.

Ernest's face was of an ashy pallor, He attempted to approach her, but she motioned him away, as he exclaimed:

"And you professed to love me! Know, Ernest, there is not a man on earth I despise so much as you! Now, leave me!"

He obeyed without a word and left the rivals together.

"You silly girl!" cried Leonie.

Marcella turned her white face upon her cousin.

"Do you think,' Leonie continued, "that your lover cares for me beyond the whim of the moment? Do you imagine that the affection of a month can efface the love of years?"

"He was all I had!" cried Marcella. "You knew it and you could not spare me his heart when it would lose all its value to you when won. Do you think I do not see how it bores you to keep up the farce of affection?—that I do not know you are even now scheming to free yourself from the net your own hands have spread? You have been cruel, and we were so happy!"

"You will be happy again," said Leonie.

"Never," answered Marcella.

"You amuse me, fair cousin. I have the best of reasons for knowing that Ernest's affection has never strayed from you. You are right in saying I am weary of him. He is a good sort of a man, though a little out of his element just now, I grant you. I overheard him on the evening of my arrival making his comments on me and I have scattered his wits for him in revenge. As for me, I am to be married soon. Every day I am expecting my lover, and, if you will merely allow him to pay exclusive attention to you on all possible occasions, Ernest will come back to you in all humility, or you shall declare me no true prophet."

Leonie's lover arrived in due time. Marcella, who had partially recovered from the shock of Ernest's desertion, had again become the bright gem of Westbrook society. It was no great hardship for Mr. Hoicy to obey Leonie's command to act the gallant cavalier to this village beauty, and a report soon circulated that he was paying his addresses to her.

Mr. Forrester was amazed when this rumor first reached him, but he would not give it credence for a moment. Although he had given up Marcella he was not prepared to see her marry another, and when the truth seemed apparent to him he grew morose and sarcastic, and conducted himself with so much rudeness toward Leonie that she left him to himself to brood over his fancied wrongs.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and a party of friends, whom Marcella had left for a short carriage-ride with Mr. Holcy, were startled by his abrupt return. His garments were dripping with water, and blood was streaming down his face. He spoke with much difficulty as he said:

"We were on the bridge returning from our ride. A crash came, and the bridge, horse, carriage and all went down. I grasped Marcella, but lost her, and the horse dragged me out with the tangled reins!"

"Did you see her after you lost her?"

"See her! No, the river is running like a torrent!"

"Lanterns, quick! Come, all of you!" cried Ernest Forrester, as he rushed out to the river. With strained eyes he scanned the whirling mass of water. Suddenly he seized a gentleman's arm, pointing with his finger, cried:

"Look in the middle of the stream; don't you see something white? It is Marcella!"

"You're right," said Mr. Holcy, who had returned to the river. "Let us make a bonfire."

It was not long before a lurid flame shot up from the bank, and in its glare a fearful sight met their eyes. Midway in the watery whirl a huge mass of tree trunks and drift had grounded in a well-known shallow, and half sitting, half clinging to an immense old stump, jammed in the mud, was Marcella. The brave girl took a white kerchief from her neck and waved it in the air.

Suddenly Ernest started, and throwing off his coat, hat and boots, said, calmly:

"I am going down in the flood to her. You have ropes; choose the best; pass it under my arms and over my shoulders. There—that's it. Now, I trust myself to you!"

He walked to the edge of the river, and sprang far out into the angry flood. The torrent bore him along, hurling him out of sight again and again. Then on a curling wave Ernest was borne down upon the stump, and the anxious watchers saw him clasp his arms firmly about Marcella. Steady hands guided the rope aright; the pair were quickly drawn to the shore, Ernest, with Marcella tightly locked in his embrace, coming triumphantly through the foam. Strong and tender arms received her. Ernest for a moment stared in bewilderment at the cheering crowd, but his memory returned quickly, and the first words he spoke were: "Is she safe?"

Brave, heoric Ernest Forrester! Marcell, after that fearful night, declared that a heart like her darling's was worth possessing, even if it took a flood of mighty waters to wash away its errors.

Varieties of Beggars.

Each city has its own style. The Venetian child is noted for persistence in simple asking with a whine. The Florentine has quite as great staying qualities, with a more artistic whine and more eloquence in his tone, and can show sores to better advantage than the others. The Florentine is an artistic vagabond who begs by rule. He makes no mistakes. He is got up with special reference to begging, and he is as keen at it as a Wall street broker is at his trade. He looks hungry, he acts hungry, he shivers as naturally as though he was perishing with cold, and when you pass by without responding to his appeal he looks at you with reproachful eyes half full of tears, as though you had committed the unpardonable sin of which he was the victim.

The young Roman beggar attempts to wheedle you out of a copper by sheer, good-natured impudence. He will commence with a whine of famine, but, being looked squarely in the face will abandon the role of the starving sufferer and take on that of the buffoon. He will limp and whine for a minute and then burst out into a laugh and turn a handspring. He follows you as long as either of the others, and is quite as annoying, but he does it in a different way.

The Roman beggar has, it must be confessed, a certain financial ability which cannot be too much admired. He never begs of an Italian, for he knows it will avail him nothing, the etiquette being as it was in the old days of highway robbery in England, the highwayman never stopping one of his own profession. The farthest they go in this with each other is, the beggar will come into a restaurant where an Italian is taking an economical breakfast on coffee and bread, and modestly ask for what sugar he does not use in his coffee. In restaurants so many lumps of sugar are given for each portion of coffee, and it is the regular thing to put any surplus there may be in the pocket. As this is inconvenient the good-natured man will give the extra lumps to the fortunate beggar who may happen in at the right time. Two or three lumps of sugar is quite a find for these pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, and by haunting the cafes all the morning, and from 4 in the afternoon a very fair living is obtained.

That Picture.

Mrs. Mackay has refused to pay for a portrait painted of her by Meissonier, who is suing her for 75,000 francs. When Mr. Mackay was last on the Comstock he spoke about this portrait. He said that, while it might be of some value as a picture, it was not of the slightest value as a portrait. While friends might have been able to see something of Mrs. Mackay in the first sketch, thereafter less and less of her was seen, and finally all likeness was so painted out that the only fit label for it would have been, Portrait of a Lady, by Meissonier. Mr. Mackay advised his wife not to take the picture as a portrait of herself. Mr. Mackay feels well toward Meissonier, and has paid high prices for some of his paintings, but says he cannot paint a portrait of any one, and least of all of a woman. He says Cabonel is the best painter of the portraits of women now in Paris. He is also a good painter of the portraits of men, and painted a very fine one of Mr. Mackay. It is a pretty sure thing that Mrs. Mackay, or rather Mr. Mackay, will come out winner in the present suit, as the picture must be a very bad one, for, as we have said, Mr. Mackay is an admirer of Meissonier, and has always felt well toward him, therefore, if he could decently accept of the picture as a portrait he would take it. No doubt Meissonier made a good picture of a woman and was himself well pleased with it, as he placed it on exhibition in the best salon, but he rambled from his subject, and Mr. Mackay is just hard-headed enough not to stand that sort of thing from Meissonier or any one else in a thing of that kind. Of course, in his genre pictures Meissonier is at liberty to choose his models and paint them in and paint them out a dozen times, but in portraiture it is different. No doubt, there are to-day in Paris plenty of third or fourth-rate painters who would have been glad to have painted the pictures for one-fourth the price, and who would have painted what every one would have pronounced a good likeness.

THEY were talking of an author who had a quantity of manuscript, but who had never been able to find a publisher. "You know that C. is going to be married?" "Ah! really. So much the better. It will give him an opportunity to publish something." "How's that?" "Why, his banns, of course!"

Trick in Wine Making.

Of all countries which go largely into wine-making France is foremost, and owing to the abundance and variety produced, through the variety of soil and climate, it has been called the vineyard of the earth. About seven-eighths of the territory is wine-bearing, and next to the ordinary business of agriculture it is the most valuable branch of industry. It gives employment to 3,000,000 persons. The quantity of wine annually produced is 2,000,000,000 gallons, and this is worth $350,000,000. These wines differ widely one from another, and each has a fame of its own. Of them all the products of the Champagne country are the best known and most widely distributed. This has always been considered as bearing off the palm; it has always been the favorite wine of the crowned heads as well as of other historical personages.

The province of Champagne is divided into five departments, but it is only in the Department of Marne that the champagne of commerce is made. And Marne is sub-divided into five departments, of which Rheims and Epernay are the true center of the manufacture. So when we see "Rheims" and "Epernay" on the bottles, we know just where they come from; and, for a still clearer picture, it may be stated that the vineyards of Rheims are situated around the slopes of a wooded mountain, while those of Epernay occupy an undulating plain. The vintage begins in September. The grapes are subjected to three pressures, and the juice being collected into large vats, it is allowed to stand twelve or eighteen hours, till the sediment is deposited. It is then drawn off into barrels and left to ferment. By December the wine being clear, it is again drawn into vats, and as the perfect article is made from the products of several different vineyards, the operation of mixing begins. After this is accomplished it is again drawn into the barrels allowed to stand till spring. It is then bottled and carried into the cellars and laid on its side and the secondary fermentation begins. It lasts through the summer and during this time there is often so much bursting among the bottles that the loss sometimes amounts to twenty-five per cent. After the fermentation and breakage cease, the bottles are overhauled, and those that are whole restacked. After resting eighteen months they are taken out and shaken, whereupon any little sediment there may be comes to the top, and the cork being taken out, the froth that pushes up brings the sediment with it, so that it can be removed.

One thing more and the wine is ready for market. Into each bottle is introduced a little melted rock candy, mixed with a trifling quantity of brandy. The quantity of sweetness introduced depends on the country to which the wine is to be sent. Russia requires least, and England and the United States most. The bottles are now recorked, the air excluded by means of tin foil or wax, and the champagne, now three or four years old is ready for use. Twenty-five millions of bottles are annually put up, one-sixth of which comes to the United States.

Next in importance come the wines of the Gironde. The capital of this department is Bordeaux; hence the wines are often called by that name. The Gironde is divided into five wine-producing districts, of which Medoc is the most celebrated. It is a long, narrow plain containing 45,000,000 acres of vineyards. Eight million gallons of wine are annually produced. These wines are all red, and are what are called clarets. One-fourth of them are the exquisite high class wines, such as Chateau Morgaux, Chateau Lafitte, and Chateau Latour. These command an enormous price, even in France. Comparatively little pure Medoc reaches this country, as the popular taste in America likes it reinforced with spirituous strength. The amount of mixing that goes on at Bordeaux is prodigious. Her export is twelve times as much as entire growth of Medoc, and one-half of these are bought as genuine without a misgiving.

Another of the famous wines exhibited here is the Hermitage. The vineyards which produce this wine lie on the south slope of a hill near the town of Tain, on the Rhone, in the old province of Dauphiny. It is called Hermitage, because of a hermit who took up his abode there in the thirteenth century and planted the vines for an interesting occupation. The slope being southerly, the sun shines on the vines all day long, and brings the fruit to marvelous perfection. The vines are in three vineyards, and as the perfect wine results only from a mixture of the product of the three, the proprietors must hold property in each.

The Burgundy wines are grown on a series of low hills about thirty-six miles in length. Along their slopes and extending a mile or so out on the plains at their feet lie the vineyards which produce the "yellow Burgundy." The district of the Sauternes produces the celebrated Chateau Yquem, which is esteemed almost too precious to use. It looks like bottled sunshine.

The department of Charente is rich in vineyards. All of the wine is used for distillation immediately after fermentation. The town of Cognac is the center of the manufacture, hence the name is usually to these brandies, which are the best in the world.

It is of some little interest to know the general average of alchohol in wine. From one thousand gallons of wine they get, on distillation, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons of brandy. President Jefferson said intoxication would never prevail where wine was cheap; that it was only the dearness of that, that set men to work evoking the "fiery demons" out of the sugar-cane, rye, corn, other grains, etc. But having once evoked the demon, he masters them and they can't shake him off. It is like Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea. So, if the world demands brandy, of course, vineyards will be turned into it.

As we grow in years and experience, we become more tolerant, for it is rare to see a fault we have not ourselves committed.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Order is heaven's first law.

Silence never yet betrayed any one.

A good smile is the sunshine of wisdom.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Conscience is man's most faithful friend.

The worst men often give the best advice.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself?

Charity comes too late that comes for the asking.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for your new ones.

Some philosophers tell us that selfishness is at the root of our best loves and affections.

Slumber not in the tents of your columns. The world is advancing, and you should advance with it.

One distinguishing mark of man's steady advancement is the increasing vigor of his warfare against evil.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.

He who does not respect confidence, will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart.

Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor repeat what may in any way hurt another, unless it be greater hurt to another to conceal it.

Sorrow is the porchway to joy, the pathway to maturity and peace. No one has ever become good and great who has not met and mastered sorrow.

Nothing impairs authority more than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continued, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

It is more honorable to the head as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of truth.

Why is it that a blessing only when it is lost cuts as deep into the heart as a sharp diamond? Why must we first weep before we can love so deeply that our hearts ache?

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection.

The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in men's lives than any other class of causes.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

A deep, true love will lift a soul out of the shadows of selfishness and the mud of fleshlinesss when all other powers combined have failed to extricate it from the slough.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps; and a man who has these at command, is sure to be a helper to others in the highway of life, along which so many are travelers.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. "A man," says Dr. Johnson, "should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Though there have been some eminent instances to the contrary, an absent man is generally a very weak or a very affected man; he is, at all events, a disagreeable man in company.

Christianity is being like-minded with Christ; considering Him our sanctification as well as our redemption. It is endeavoring to live to Him here that we may live with Him hereafter.

Don't waste life on doubts and fears. Spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours of ages that follow it.

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own.

Men pray for holiness as if it were something entirely apart from their everyday life; something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in the domestic, social and business relations.

Health is the bed-plate on which the whole mental machinery may rest and work. If this be displaced or cracked, all the mechanism that stands on it will be jarred and disturbed, and made ineffective.

The most lucrative commerce would be to buy men for what they are worth, and to sell them for what they estimate themselves. Despotism does the contrary, and that is why it always becomes bankrupt.

Good luck is good sense and good courage, with industry, inspired by noble impulses, guided by intelligence and fore-thought. Bad luck is laziness, stupidity, carelessness and recklessness. It is but another name for the penalty for bad management.

THE WREN'S NEST.

It was a wee bit housie,
But shaped with deftest care,
Of twisted twigs, a feather or two,
A scrap of cloth of doubtful hue,
And a bit of tangled hair.

And the merry little artist,
Who twittered overhead,
Viewed her work with happy pride—
Fluttering about from side to side
Around the pretty bed—

Which held a tender promise
Of something fair to be;
And she poured a song,
The whole day long,
Over the pale eggs, three.

Never a fear of the morrow
Clouded her hope so glad;
Never a doubt in the little brown breast,
As she gaily trimmed the dainty nest,
With such things as she had.

Oh! happy little warbler,
In thy blithe note is blent
A song of trust from day to day,
And I learn of thee, as I go my way,
A lesson of sweet content.

CHRISTINE.

It was the 23d of December, a still, beautiful night, not a breath of air stirring the trees, with a light, powdering of snow that sparkled and shone in the weird moonlight.

So still, so bright, was it, that a spider's web spun in delicate intricate fashion from one frost bitten roseleaf to another, stood out from its dark background as if outlined in diamonds; and far-off church bells sent their strokes so solemnly and distinctly through the room that before the eleventh hour had sounded, even Robert Lovell's absorbed attention was aroused, and, putting aside his book he rose, crossed the room, and flinging open the unshuttered window, looked forth into the quiet winter night. Looked slowly from its glistening diamonds, up to where shone its numberless stars.

A year ago he stood by the same window, at the same hour, thinking how, if all had gone well, it would have been the evening of his wedding day; and almost unconsciously he began comparing his sensations of to-day with those of that bygone time, tearing down the dividing curtain that twelve months had drawn between the past and present.

"Though there is not much to remind me of it," he thought, "this quiet scene and that other December night, with the wind roaring through the trees, and the rain falling in torrents, and an echo of its own fury in my own breast.

"I said then I would never forgive her. I wonder, do I forgive her now? No, I do not think I forgive," folding his arms, "but perhaps I understand her better.

"She was so weak and timid, and they persuaded her to say 'Yes.' Ah, why did she? If she had only told me the truth; but," sighing, "she had not the courage and I—I never guessed it. And so—yes, I suppose the sequel was natural."

And his mind for a minute lingered over the sequel. The timid, gentle girl struggling to put aside the love that had been forbidden her, and be kind to the suitor who had found favor in her parents' eyes. Then the old story:—a chance meeting with him who had won her heart before wealthy Robert Lovell came a wooing; a few words from him telling of the wherefore of his departure in silence—a soft reply from her, which told how the silence had broken her heart; then one day a letter signed "John Fane," addressed to old Mr. Davidson, informing him that his daughter had preferred poverty, shared with the writer, to that other future to which he had essayed to bend her unwilling feet. And by the same post an envelope containing one small sheet of paper was put into Robert Lovell's hands, a small sheet all blotted with many tears, and on it only two words written: "Forgive me," and a signature which, for the moment, puzzled him—"C. Fane." But that had all happened more than a year ago.

It was an old story now, quite thrust out of his life, and the woman who had been his love was the wife of John Fane, living far away in India.

No tidings of her ever reached him; he did not wish for any.

She had cut herself adrift from him—from the love and the wealth that would have stood between her and the rough places of life—and had chosen instead—he paused in his thoughts, and said half aloud: "Has chosen instead, a bad tempered man with a narrow income. That is about it."

He sighed quickly and impatiently when he had so spoken, and shifted his position, leaning more heavily against the window frame.

"I wonder if she has ever repented?" The thought flashed quickly through his mind, and perhaps from a slight consciousness of the motive that was the mainspring of the thought, he colored a little in the moonlight.

Then shivered, roused to the fact that the night was cold, if still, and that he had been standing for a long time by the open window.

He took a final look abroad, noticing, as he did so, that the conservatory door stood open.

"I must go and shut it," he decided, and closed the window.

"Last year, as I did that," he reflected, "my last thought was that I hoped that she might live to repent; to-night," wavering and there paused, and added, as he turned the arm chair round to the fire, "to-night I am not sure.

"And yet she wrecked my life; took out of it all the happiness that she had herself promised it should contain. Why should I wish her to be happy either?"

Turning from the chill contemplation of the outside world to the warmth of the fireside did not break the chain of his thoughts, did not cause him to shift from the centre figure, round which the hour and scene had served to group them.

He scarcely noted that the fire needed replenishing, as he traced in its red caverns the story of his life. The little lurid tongues of flame, lighting the transient gleam the few bright hours of his engagement, with the shrinking, timid girl whose love he had once felt so sure of winning.

And as he watched his thoughts grew harder towards her, though he had fancied sometimes in these late months they had been softening, or perhaps they had only usurped a less prominent place in his life, thrust aside by the endless work with which he had strove to replace that other, happier life that was to have been his.

"I must not let my mind dwell on it—it changes me, hardens me."

But for the moment he did not check the current; rather allowed himself to contemplate, with a kind of defiant satisfaction, the idea that she was learning in her Indian exile that there were worse things in life than remaining true to the man who loved her.

"Come in."

The knock, gentle, hesitating as it was, made itself distinctly heard through all the turmoil of his brain.

"Come in," he repeated, as there was a moment's lingering still; then very noiselessly the door was pushed open, and a slender woman's figure entered the room.

Long before she stood beside him, almost before his eyes had done more than take in the ullm outlines in the shrouding cloak, Robert Lovell knew who she was.

And seeing her, he felt no surprise, no wonder that she should be there, that no dividing ocean stretched between them; on the contrary, she seemed to him for the moment merely the embodiment of his thoughts—that was all.

Even her unannounced arrival failed to startle him; the open conservatory door seemed to explain it.

But seeing her thus standing before him—silent, for she spoke no word of greeting—it was strange how his thoughts changed. The point of view had shifted at once. This was the girl he remembered who had striven to please him and her father, and had failed.

Not boldly declining the task she found too hard, but slipping out of it, leaving others to bear the burdens she had shrunk from. Yes, the weakness that had faltered before her share in the battle of life was plainly visible in the pleading eyes, the trembling lips. But then, it was for all these things he had loved her—before he knew.

And, for the moment, it was of his love alone that he thought.

"Christine!" he cried, and for the moment only the past was present to him, "what brings you to me to-night?" And then as she lifted her eyes, and looked at him, he realized the change the year had brought to her. So white her cheeks, so large and sad her eyes, he felt that it might have been possible even for him to have met and not have known her.

"How changed you are," he said then, and his voice almost invoiuntarily softened. "Have twelve months done so much?"

"Life is too hard for me;" she said, and there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, which had the soft emphasis of her eyes. "I made you suffer; I know it well. Ah," coming a step nearer, "how many gray hairs you have that you had not when I saw you last! Is that all my doing?"

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "that is all your doing. And you," lifting his eyes and looking at her again. "Are you happy? But no, I see you are not. Ten minutes ago I hoped you were not—I hoped your life was as bare and wretched as mine is. Now that I have seen you—"

"Well?" she questioned, as he hesitated.

"Now I wish that you were happier. But I knew it," almost exultantly a moment later repeating his own words of so short a time ago. "A bad tempered man with a small income, what chances were there of happiness?"

"But did you wish," she cried, kneeling down by his side, and laying her slender, ungloved hand on his, a hand on which gleamed her wedding ring, "did you wish it? Are you glad to know that he is tired of me, unkind to me, that I find life to hard to bear? Is this all your love was worth? Could such a flower indeed yield such a poison?"

His own words! Just that which he had thought himself, but letting the idea half vaguely, half fearfully surge through his mind, was different from hearing it put in plain words, with those sad, heart broken eyes looking into his.

"No," he said, sitting more upright, and taking the small trembling hands in his. "No, you are right, that would be a poor sort of love; mine was of better worth than that.

"Do not cry, poor child, poor child," smoothing back the fair hair from her forehead.

"I feel your tears still falling upon my hand. Tell me, what can I do for you? Why have you come to me?"

She half lifted her eyes, but did not take her hands from his.

"Now you look kind and good, as you did in the old days when you were always so good—only"—she sighed, "But you are changed."

"I also?"

"Yes, you are not like the Robert Lovell I once knew. Your eyes have grown stern and hard; they frighten me—frighten me so that when I came in and saw you I could not tell you what I had come for."

"Only for your forgiveness," she sobbed, clasping her hands tighter, "only that; but I am afraid to ask you. I thought always that if you knew I craved for it you were so good you would grant it; but when I looked in your face I read there that you would not. I read in your eyes that you were glad that I had suffered too; that you had been hoping all this year that he has been making my life miserable; that you would rejoice when you knew it was so."

"You were quite right," he answered, slowly, "I have never forgiven you—never. But—"

She had slipped her hand away, and had risen to her feet, wrapping the heavy folds of her cloak about her,

"Then that is all," she said, her voice falling sadly in the empty room. "It would have made me happier, I think," hesitating, and looking toward him once again—"and—"

"Come here," he said, gently, stretching out his hand and taking hers. "Come here and look again into my eyes. Do you not see written there, as plainly as you hear my words, Christine, that all I have to forgive is forgiven, and I wish that with my life I could buy back your happiness?"

"Yes," she answered, softly; "I see it all there."

And having so spoken, she sank down on the ground at his feet.

He felt the tears rising to his eyes as noted her, and then: "I trust you may be happy yet," he said.

"Forgiven," he heard her say, very softly, "yes, I am happier."

There were a few seconds' silence, whilst he watched the slender outlines of her figure in the firelight; seconds in which he was wondering what he should say next. Then the door of his study was suddenly flung open, and looking up, he say standing on the threshold a lovely, dark-eyed woman, a glad vision of white satin and diamonds.

"Cecile," he exclaimed, rising hastily to his feet, and moving toward her with the vague idea of standing between her and the timid, shrinking figure in the fire-glow.

But something in his sister's face changed the current of his thoughts. Something was wrong, but that something must surely have to do with the other, and he glanced unconsciously back; but no shrouded figure met his hasty glance.

"Where is she?" he cried.

"Robert!" his sister's hand was on his arm, her lovely eyes, misty with unshed tears, were looking into his. "Robert, I have come straight to you; I was at the Davenants', where I heard the saddest thing; and I was so afraid," her voice trembling and a tear falling, "that you might hear it first from some one else."

"What is it?" he questioned.

An awed feeling stole over him, due in part to the shadow of the past, in part to the shadow of the future.

"She is dead——"

"Who?" he faltered, but there was no need to ask.

He knew, though no name answered his question.

"Yes, she is dead, her baby was born—and they both died. Oh, Robert, is it not too sad?"

He was sitting down now, not in the chair drawn close up to the dying embers of the fire, but in the big arm chair from which he had rised to look at the beauties of the outside world.

And Cecile had her arm about his neck; he could feel the tears falling fast.

"You must never again feel hard about her," she said. "Of course you had a great deal to bear, but I knew her well, and was so fond of her—and she was never brave."

"No," he said, gently, "no." And then, "Poor child. No, Cecile, I do not feel hard at all. If," hesitatingly, "I ever have been so, such is no longer the case. I have quite forgiven her."

"Ah, yes, now," began his sister.

"No, not now, Cecile, I forgave her before I knew of this. Good night," he said a moment later; it was kind of you to come, but I should like best to be alone."

His sister stooped and kissed him, and noted, as she did so, that the dark hair was growing sadly gray, but that on the kindly face was an expression of tender pathos that had been absent from it, she had noted, with a sigh, of late. She said nothing, only turned away in silence and had reached the door before his voice calling "Cecile" had arrested her attention. She turned reund to find that he had followed her.

"Tell me," he said, in a slow, constrained voice. "You have often heard of her since she married. Was she"—his eyes shifting from hers—"happy?"

"Yes, quite happy—I am sure. She wrote to me once"—speaking timidly—"and told me so. You are glad, are you not, to know it?"

"Surely," he replied. "Oh, Cecile, it cannot be that you"—he paused abruptly—"Good night," he said again, and opened the door, watched her until she disappeared, then reclosed it.

He walked slowly back to the chair on the hearth rug, and stood there a moment in silence watching the place where she had kneeling figure had been; whence she had turned her pathetic eyes toward him. "It was all a dream," then he said, "but so real, that I still can see her eyes, and hear her soft voice."

He moved over to the unshuttered window, and flung it open, as he had done earlier in the same evening, and looked abroad at the peaceful night, where moonbeams still were turning the light snow to diamonds, myriads of stars still shining overhead. Through the still cold night came the loud strokes of a church bell, cleaving their way through the frosty air—twelve, he counted—and then: "It is Christmas Eve," he said. "Only one hour since I stood here before, and said I could not forgive her—and now I have learned that she is dead."

The Coral Builders.

"Each of the projections on this piece of coral is a separate individual. They gather together in a hemispherical form at first. Only those on the outside of the lump of coral are alive; the rest within are dead, and so it grows. Between two coral animals a third one grows, and when one gets bigger than its fellows a branch begins to grow. The sea rolls in and brings them their food. A natural breakwater ground of a coral reef is stronger than any that can be made by the hand of man, for the stronger the sea that beats upon it the more food is brought for the coral animals to gather with their little tentacles. The bottom of the sea is smooth, and by means of a net dragged along all kinds of living things can be brought to the surface.

Is a discarded lover a beau now?

A Pilot's Perils.

"A man don't pilot vessels up and down the Delaware river for forty years without seeing some rich adventures," said one of the oldest pilots in the service to a reporter, as he drew his chair closer to the fire and filled his short pipe. "I've been knocked about like a football by the elements in my time, and on many occasions have felt the force of circumstances so keenly that their memories will never fade while I live. I know what it is to stand on a vessel's deck for seventy-two hours' straight spell in the worst weather and heaviest seas, without any sleep save little catnaps that I took while walking the planks. I've slept many a time while walking up and down the quarter-deck or bridge, with the wind bowling as though all the demons of the sea were seeking my destruction, and the waves knocking a two thousand-ton ship about like a chip. Ah! them's times as tries a pilot's soul. I know what it is to attempt to board a ship in a storm, to have my skiff dashed to pieces against her sides, and myself plunged into the icy sea, with the nearest land a mile or so beneath me, and every chance of reaching it in a few minutes."

"It's the responsibility that keeps ship pilots awake. Suppose you are at sea in bad weather, four hundred or five hundred miles from shore, with the weather thick enough to cut with a cheese-knife, and the yards touching the waves at every roll of the vessel. Then add to that several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property and a hundred lives in your hands, which makes a grand total of terrible responsibility. Are you going to sleep then? Not much. I've been knocked about on the river and sea for so many years that the brine has kind of got into my system, and I don't feel at home only when I'm on a vessel's deck with several fathoms of water under her keel. The greatest adventure and most luck that ever happened to me was getting carried off to foreign countries on outgoing vessels. That's happened to me twice. Once I was carried to Antwerp, and another time to Miragoane, Hayti.

"It was one day in December, about twenty-five years ago, that I took an old Dutch bark, bound for Antwerp, down the river. There had been a little weather for a day or two, and the wind still lingered eastward. I hurried the Dutchman down the river in double quick time, and when we got to the capes he wanted to put right out to sea, for he was in a cast-iron perspiration to get over to Limberger land. I didn't fancy the idea much, but I run her out to sea on a lively jog, without saying a word against it. The night was coming on when I got her well off to lea, and I looked for the pilot-boat which usually cruises around there to take us off outward-bounders. As the weather was getting thick I couldn't see far enough to make her out. I cracked the sail onto the galliot and headed her off to the south-east, and all that night I paced the deck a-looking for the well-known lights of the pilot-boat.

"As the night wore away the truth began to dawn on me that I stood a pretty fair chance of being carried off to sea. The weather grew mighty bad as the hours passed by, and we had to reef what little canvas we showed down pretty tight. When day dawned I was still pacing the deck, looking for the pilot-boat. All that day I looked for her, but without avail. I made up my mind that I was in for it, and that the best thing I could do would be to face the music and trust to meeting some inward bound vessel which would take me off. It wasn't romantic to have a possibility of knocking around at sea for forty or sixty days and then winding up at Antwerp, which meant out of work and away for three months from my pretty wife and two as bright little boys as ever wanted to be sailors and be wrecked and kill pirates at sea. Bless their souls, they thought as how their pappy was dead long before he came back.

"Day after day I watched anxiously for a ship, but the long-wished-for sail did not appear on the horizon. To shorten my story, we arrived at Antwerp just forty-nine days after we left the capes of the Delaware. I stayed in Antwerp just long enough to buy some tobacco and catch the first train down for England. I arrived in Liverpool two days afterward, and looked about for a steamer bound for Philadelphia, but could find none. You see, if I got a vessel bound for Philadelphia I would, probably, get the job of taking her up the river, which would partly pay me for my lost time. It was just my luck, though, to have to take a New York packet and in due time I arrived in New York. I got home after an absence of just two months and nine days. My wife had almost given me up for dead, and she was powerful glad to see me. Ditto young pirate-killers—bless their hearts—dead, now, you know. My, what a time that was!"

The old pilot turned his head, drew the back of his hand across his eyes in a way that hinted of tears, coughed to conceal his feelings, and the reporter silently withdrew.

A Chapter Upon Almanacs.

If any book deserves the name of "irrepressible" it is the almanac. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, it is still important; and though we grow old, it renews its youth every year, and greets us regularly with a kind of good-natured, "Here I am again!" The oldest almanac in existence is an Egyptian one, and may be seen in the British Museum. Buried nearly 3,000 years ago with some human contemporary of Rameses the Great, it has been brought to light again and copied in fac-simile. Twenty-five columns are wholly or partially preserved. The fortunate days are marked in black ink, and the unfortunate in red—a curious instance of a superstition which European nations have reversed. It contains observations about religious ceremonies, cautions against unlucky times, and predictions as to the fate of children born on certain days. But apart from this immense antiquity, we find almanacs early occupying an important part in the Christian economis. Indeed, to churchmen and to church-goers, they soon became indispensable; the more so, as fast days, feast days and saints' days increased in numbers.

A French almanac which began to appear about this time is still published. It is called "Le Grand Compost et Calendrier des Bergers," and it claims to be 400 years old. "A Prognostication of Righte Goode Effecte" was set forth by Leonard Digges, in London, 1563. It contained some queer astronomical and astrological observations. In it we are told that the moon is 15,750 miles from the earth, and Mercury only 12,812; that Saturn's conjunction with the moon caused unlucky days, but the moon with Jupiter fortunate ones. Venus gave luck to woo and marry, and make pleasant pastimes, and, strangely enough, "blood-letting" is included among the latter. Mercury was good to buy and sell under and to send children to school.

When the French revolution came Moore was more terrific in his prophecies and more awful in his hieroglyphics than ever. The people wondered and trembled, and the sale of this reached a point without parallel in the annals of imposture. But the continent of Europe had a rival even to Moore in the famous almanac of Liege. A tradition ascribes it first to a canon who lived in 1590. Its early numbers are published "with the permission of the superior powers:" the latter ones are content with "the favor of His Highness." It is full of political predictions. In 1700 a French almanac called the "Almanach Royal" started a new idea—the one which has since made the "Almanach de Gotha" so famous. It gave the names and birthdays of all the princes and princesses in Europe, lists of clergy, bar, army and diplomatic corps. The latter almanac has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and contains a vast amount of valuable and well-assorted information.

Shortly after these French almanacs there appeared a famous American one—the "Poor Richard" of Dr. Franklin. He did not care to put his name upon the title page, and therefore it was duly credited to Richard Saunders. It was published from 1733 to 1757, and was a great financial success. It is now a rare book. A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* mentions one sold in Philadelphia for $52.

In 1828 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge took the almanac in hand. Then the Stationer's Company, perceiving that the day of ignorance was dying and that decency would pay, issued a really excellent one called "The Englishman." Yet superstition dies hard. Only sixty years ago the popular feeling was tested by leaving out of Moore's almanac that mysterious column showing the influence of the moon on the different parts of the body. But the editors, being prudent men, only issued 100,000 copies of this emendation, and the result showed their wisdom. The omission was at once detected and resented; nearly the whole issue was returned to the publishers, and they were compelled to reprint the column in order to retain their popularity.

Peculiarly Afflicted.

"I have been gone—gone asleep," remarked a very singular looking individual as he raised his head from a table at the Astor House and rubbed his eyes vigorously, with a maudlin chuckle as an accompaniment. The person thus expressing himself was none other, as the register indicated, than "Professor Asa T. Green, the great lecturer on natural science, astronomy and other like subjects." Since the sudden and untimely departure of Professor Monroe Bushnell, who was recently given four hours to leave town, the new arrival is the greatest phenomenon that has struck this city since the flood. He arrived yesterday morning from Cincinnati, and whiled away the time until daylight on a pile of trunks at the Ohio and Mississippi depot.

He is, indeed, a most singular man, and is peculiarly afflicted. In stature he is about five feet six inches in height, with shaggy brown hair and a mustache of the same color, which seems to be making strenuous efforts to get down his throat. His eyes are bleared and seem starting from their sockets, and the highly colored nose and face, the expression of his mouth, in fact everything about him, bears the imprint of a confirmed whisky drinker. Nature has so far carried out the illustration of a toper as to make him stagger and stumble along when he walks, and his voice is as thick and husky as that of a man suffering from the tremens. If put upon trial before a hundred men unacquainted with him, ninety-nine out of the number would be willing to swear that he was beastly drunk, and had been so for a considerable period.

The professor, while keenly sensible of his affliction, is not at all sensitive about it, and talks freely on the subject. He was born near Troy, Ohio, thirty-seven years ago, and since his birth has been afflicted in the manner above described. His parents were poor, and he received little or no education, but even in early youth showed evidences of being possessed of genius. The first thing which brought him into notice was his wonderful memory. He could listen to a lecture or sermon and then repeat it word for word as it had been originally delivered.

"I have not met with the success I deserve," he said, "as everybody thinks I'm drunk. I find difficulty in obtaining a hearing in the schools long enough to explain the situation. I visited three here to-day, but they shut me out before I got fairly inside the yard."

"This must necessarily cause you a great deal of trouble?" ventured the reporter.

"Well, I should say it does. Just as likely as not if I venture out on the street some policeman will arrest me for drunkenness. I was taken up once in Cincinnati and put in the station-house to sober up. When I was brought before Court in the morning I was as drunk as on the previous night, and they remanded me to jail to sober up. This was repeated every morning for five days. They even put a guard over me in the station-house to see that I did not get anything to drink before they would believe my story. I never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life, and even do not drink coffee or tea."

Tonsorial Beautifying.

The most important man in Hartford, Conn., in the estimation of ladies, is the experienced professor who clips, combs, crimps and curls the pretty lovelocks into beguiling aureolas over their foreheads. We say "professor" because it is not advisable to reveal his name, and we dislike to call him a barber, or a wigmaker, or even a "tonsorial artist," although "autocrat" would be rather appropriate, for he is simply remorseless in his daily habit of cutting off long lengths of cherished hair. But the ladies all agree that existence would be a burden and bangs a failure without him. His pleasant occupation keeps him busy every day, but Saturday afternoon is the biggest, busiest, bangiest time in his bangup establishment. Scores of customers go there to be "beautified," and the autocrat has his shop, heart, head and hands full of ladies. His combs, brushes, mirrors, patience, judgment, gas stoves and curling irons are in great demand, and his assistant flies from one head to another as fast as steam-heat, and a dexterous use of time, scissors and skillful hands will permit. It is a comical scene. Women of all ages, sizes, religions, temperament, colors, charms and variety are perched in rows and pinioned in barber's aprons, with each particular hair numbered, parted and standing straight up in tufts, as if the entire crowd had been touched off by an electric battery. In a twinkling these tufts are steamed into small round rolls. Each woman's head appears to be covered with small but very symmetrical caterpillars, which in their turn are combed out into fluffy clouds, and converted into a red, brown, black, grey or golden nimbus, according to the color of the hair.

How different it is from a man's barber shop, where the victims, partly covered with lather, sit in a smoky silence, with their heads thrown back at the mercy of men who might suddenly become demented or seized with revenge, and cut the throats situated so conveniently for that purpose. It always makes a woman shiver to pass a barber's shop, although she finds it impossible to remove her frightened but fascinated gaze from those ghastly chins and proceedings displayed so confidingly but mysteriously to the public through plate-glass windows.

In the woman's barber shop there are no murderous suggestions. It is all fun and animation and the ladies rival the sparrows outside by their incessant chatter. To women their is nothing like bangs to level all distinctions and formalities. They bind friends acquaintances, strangers and polite enemies by one tie of common interest. Even the pretty country girls have discovered this place. And when they come to town with little morocco shopping bags, baskets of macreme lace, a grandmother and a beau, and tied their horses to every tree, fence, lamp-post, barber's pole and hitching-place on Pratt street, and bought their bonnets, Rhine stones and bangles, and finished their lunch and errands, they arrive in a flock to be banged for Sunday. The clipped locks fall to the floor on all sides. A slight smell of burning, apprehensive groans, giggles, shrieks and a buzzing chorus of criticism, comments comparisons, adjectives, exclamations and "perfect lovely's" fill the air and the professor's brain with confusion and bewildering ideas on the ever-interesting topic of "women, lovely women." However, he is gradually becoming accustomed to them, and we feel sure he has more insight into feminine nature than Shakspeare or Balzac ever did.

A Bad Place for Chinamen.

Strange to say, there has been a Chinaman in Leadville for some time, and nobody has objected to his presence. He has expressed the intention of establishing a novelty store, which will doubtless have for an adjunct the opening of an opium den. For the purpose of purchasing the necessary equipment and wares he will depart for San Francisco. It is reasonable to expect, however, that his entire outfit will be confiscated when he returns. Chinamen have never been tolerated here, and his escape from formal notice to quit the country can be explained by the fact that only a few confirmed opium fiends knew he was in the city.

There is a grim tradition connected with the early history of the camp, which tells of the midnight murder of a Celestial, who refused to leave when informed of his danger, and the lonesome burial of his remains on a ridge lying between California gulch and the Arkansas river. In 1878 two Mongolians came in on one of Barlow and Sanderson's stage coaches. They were instantly surrounded by a clamorous mob that forced them to walk out of town instanter. The intense hatred which is felt here for the moon-eyed washee-man was engendered in 1878, when Stevens & Woods, the owners of the hydraulic ditch and the iron mines, proposed to import an army of them to take the places of rebellious miners. The miners not only threatened to kill every Chinaman who came to the camp but were making preparations to lynch the men that would cause them to come. It was owing to the menaces of the miners, it is said, that Wood sold out his interest at a sacrifice to Leiter of Chicago, who realized from an investment of $400,000 several millions.

Romance From the Dust.

Representative Cassady, of Nevada, recites the following interesting romance which was dug out of the dusty files of the Pension Office: A short time ago Mr. Cassady received a communication from Eli Johnson, of Luning, Esmeralda county, Nevada, making application for a pension and arrearages. The letter stated that he was a private in Company C, First California Cavalry. Upon inquiry at the Pension Office Eli Johnson was reported dead, and his widow until recently has drawn his pension. Further inquiry showed that Mrs. Johnson, believing her husband dead, had married again and was living in Florida, Henry county, Ohio, as Mrs. Gill. A careful investigation was made, which proved that Eli Johnson was wounded during the war, sent to the hospital and afterwards reported dead. His wife came East, thinking herself a widow, made application and was granted a pension, which she continued to draw until she married Mr. Gill. In the meantime her first husband, believing his wife dead, went to Europe and remained several years. Returning to America, he discovered that he was entitled to a pension, and immediately made application for it through Mr. Cassady. Events have shown that the marriage of Mr. Gill was illegal, and the prospects are that Mr. and Mrs. Eli Johnson will be reunited after being separated over fifteen years.

Miss Mary Blake has published a little volume entitled "Twenty-six Hours a Day." Mary must have to get up about two hours before she goes to bed.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Feb. 27, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance, $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

WHITMER & CO'S

Two Stores (connected by telephone) that aint beat anywhere "in this neck o the woods" buy WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, &c. Sell HARD and SOFT COAL. Manufacturers' Agents for Furniture and Farm Implements.

G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co. Spring Mills.

THE

ELECTRIC LIGHT

to be seen at

D. GARMAN & SON'S STORE.

People, especially outside of Bellefonte, are invited to call and see the Electric Light at Garman's store.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Smith's German Oil is meeting with phenomenal success.

—New styles Derby and Sedora hats just received at the Bee Hive.

—The Bellefonte *Republican* thinks a $125 painting in that town a big thing on ice. Tuten evidently has not yet seen "picters." When you see a $3000 to $20,000 daub, then turn up your eye balls.

—The *Journal* says Mrs. Margaret Stover, of near Millheim, has presented the Lutheran church of that town a chandelier worth $117.

—The telephone will be extended from here to Lewistown on a separate wire. An extension of the wire from Centre Hall to Spring Mills is also soon to be had.

—Geo. Huss, of Linden Hall, can make one of the neatest boots in half a dozen counties. He understands his trade.

—If you want the "American Farmer," one year free of cost, read the advertisement in another column.

—Rev. Fischer, on last Sabbath evening, filled Rev. Furst's pulpit in the Lutheran church in Bellefonte, and had a crowded house.

—Mr. John D. Decker has purchased the mountain farm, 100 acres, owned by Catherine Confer, south of Potters Mills, for $1000. It is the place occupied by Dr. Kintzel, dec'd.

—W. H. Love has gone into matrimony, and next thinks of going to Iowa with his bride. Success to Hud and his bride.

—Subscribers changing their postoffices this spring should notify us, giving the old as well as the new address.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of Thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

—Mr. J. M. Burkholder, of Miami county, Ohio, writes the REPORTER an account of high water. He speaks of grain fields looking promising in Ohio. Stock at sales sells high. Quite a number of robberies had been committed in Casstown lately.

—The recent wet spell brought water to many cellars in this town. In Millheim nearly all the cellars were full, including that under the Lutheran church which interfered with the furnaces.

—Mrs. Tobias, an aged lady of this place, is seriously ill, with scarce any hope of recovery.

—A young man by the name of Moyer, of near Tusseyville, while chopping wood, a short time ago, accidentally cut his thumb off near the hand. There is prospect of the severed member growing fast again.

—Ellison's Ironing, Pressing and Bosom Board, has been tried in our family, and is found the best thing of its kind out, and every lady buying one of the agent, James Derr, will be pleased with it and on trial would not do without it for three times the price. It is no humbug.

The Supreme Court of this state has decided in the case of Holland vs. Burns, reported in the 4th Outerbridge, 266, just issued, that a letting of a house by parole for a certain sum per month, without anything being said about a year, constitutes a lease from year to year, as has been commonly supposed. And when a tenant from month to month holds over for more than a year, he does not become a tenant from year to year, but remains a tenant from month to month. The tenant in such cases is not liable for the whole year's rent, and is not entitled to three months' notice to quit. A month's notice to quit is sufficient. In cases of written leases of course such conditions govern the agreement as are contained in the body of the instrument.

Our spring styles in men's neckware and hats are in—you are cordially invited to call.—Garmans, Bush's Arcade.

Having received the agency for Centre Co. for the sale of "Gaskell's Compendium of Penmanship," I would like to secure a good agent in each school district in the county to sell the "Compendium"—price by mail $1.00. Address,

13feb3t W. A. BROWN, Spring Mills, Penn'a.

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Co[illegible]. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

DEATH OF J. G. LARIMER.

Judge Larimer died at his home, at Pleasant Gap, on Sunday, 24, about 2 p. m. He was one of the associate judges of this county, and many years ago a county commissioner. He was an active Democrat, and generally known in our county. He possessed many genial qualities and was well posted on public affairs. He hails from an old and well-known family in this county, all of whom were active and influential. Judge Larimer leaves a widow and several children, all of the latter having reached the adult age. His death leaves a vacancy for judge, which will be filled by an appointment by the Governor until next election.

PERSONAL.—Esq. Duck, of Penn, gave our sanctum a pop visit the other day. Ph. Shuck, one of Spring Mills' best citizens, gave the "Reporter" a call. Messrs. Witmer and Runk, two of Spring Mills' active business men, honored our sanctum with a call and lingered for a pleasant chat.

HORSE SALE.—14 *Head of Horses at Public Sale.*—The undersigned will offer at public sale, at the Hotel of D. J. Meyer, at Centre Hall, Saturday, March 8, fourteen head of choice horses, Percheron and Norman, ages from 3 to 8 years old, some are excellent drivers, others heavy draft. Sale at 10 o'clock a. m., when terms will be made known.

J. C. RANKIN.

The following is the result of the local election in the districts named:

Millheim Borough.—Chief Burgess, R B Hartman; Assistant Chief Burgess, Wm. Adams; Councilmen, Adolph Miller, E C Campbell, W R Henney, John Stoner, F F Wetzel, John Maize School Directors, John H Swartz, W R Weiser; Overseer, Jonathan Harter; Assessor, A C Miller; Auditor, J C Smith; Judge of elections, Frank Knarr; Inspector, A J Harter; High Constable, Abs Harter; Constable, N Shannon; Justice of the Peace, Jacob Eisenhuth.

Penn Twp.—Supervisors, H M Swartz, Emanuel Neese; School Directors, W A Stover, Benj. Kerstetter; Overseer, And. Stover; Assessor, J S Meyer; Auditor, A Alexander; Judge, John Moyer; Inspector, A B Alexander; Town Clerk, Samuel Ard; Justice of the Peace, B F Phillips.

Miles Twp.—Judge, Wm. Walker; Constable, W W Huckman; Inspectors, Wm. Kreamer, G W Hazel; Assessor, Austin Gramley; School Directors, Michael Miller, S Krumrine; Overseer, John Shafer; Auditor, J B Kreamer; Supervisor, D D Dubbs, J J Shultz; Town Clerk, Jos. K Weber.

Harris Township.—Judge of Election, G M Williams; Inspectors, Isaac Womer, E W Sweeney; Supervisors, Peter Koons, John Carper; Overseer, W H Miller; School Directors, Harry Swab, Thomas Riley; Assessor, D T Wieland; Constable, William Meyer; Auditor, P H Meyer; Town Clerk, S B Moore.

College.—Judge of Election, James T Stewart; Inspectors, Theo. S Christ, John Rupp; Supervisors, J W Showalter, Frank Decker; School Directors, Joseph Edmiston, Dr. Theo. Christ, W C Patterson; Overseer, J H Mitchell; Assessor, Michael Grove; Constable, James Kay; Auditor, Wm. Thompson, Jr; Town Clerk, Thomas Dale.

Ferguson, E. P.—Justice of the Peace, A G Ewing; Judge of Election, R G Brett; Inspectors, J R Smith, D H Weaver; Supervisors, J L Musser, B F Bowersox; School Directors, Jonathan Hess, George Homan; Overseer, James Fortney; Assessor, W E Meek; Constable, D W Port; Auditor, H M Snyder; Town Clerk, W J Meyer.

W. P.—Judge of Election, Robert Illenberger; Inspectors, M J Watt, C Harpster.

—Latest styles and best quality Sedora hats, only $2.50 at the Bee Hive.

MINUTES OF POTTER TWP. INSTITUTE.

FRIDAY, 1 P. M., Feb. 22.

Meeting called to order with Supt. Wolf in the chair, after which business was begun by the election of a secretary.

Director Kurtz opened the session by a few pointed remarks on our schools. He advocated the introduction of higher branches in our common schools even at the risk of a slight an increase of taxes.

Director Keller next addressed the meeting. He spoke of the influence of institutes when rightly conducted; also of the teachers' work, saying that some teachers advance their classes to the grade of knowledge of their most advanced pupils, while others on the contrary grade according to the lowest pupils thus keeping back the more advanced pupils, while the former method drags the dull members along.

Prof. Hosterman next gave a short drill in Grammar by placing a few sentences on the blackboard and calling upon the teachers to parse and give constructions, after which W. P. Morrison read an interesting paper on "Civil Government." He defined government in its various existing forms with a review of each. This was commented upon by Prof. Hosterman, who advocated the importance of the study of Civil Government in order to teach the youth of the land to cast an intelligent ballot. Prof. Hosterman next read an elaborate paper on "Self Culture."

Mr. Morrison opened the subject of "Spelling Reform" by a few remarks, which provoked a lively discussion.

After the singing of a piece of music by the choir the session was adjourned by President Wolf.

Saturday Morning Session.—The meeting being called to order by the President, Mr. Kurtz opened the session by reading an interesting paper on "Compulsory Education." He strongly advocated the system, comparing the results of the Prussian system with that of the United States.

Mr. Keller next took the floor in an impromptu refutation of Mr. Kurtz's arguments, and denying the propriety of compelling the youth of this country to attend the common schools. His argument was based upon the fact that Americans have a strong sense of personal liberty and a sentiment adverse to compulsion.

Dr. Groff spoke about the "Relationship of Teaching," He pointed out the mistakes of the younger instructors and gave their remedies and strongly impressed the importance of general study and knowledge by the teacher.

Afternoon Session.—Meeting called to order by Supt. Wolf. Discussion opened by Prof. Neff, who spoke on "Moral Instruction." Prof. Robb followed with a paper on the "Qualifications of the Teacher." He lay much stress upon the responsibility resting on teachers. Messrs. Krise and Kurtz continued the subject by short addresses.

Mr. Clark next read an interesting paper on "Spelling Reform." He illustrated the inconsistencies of modern English spelling by placing on the board various inconsistent words.

Prof. Krise spoke of the methods of teaching "Oral Arithmetic and Grammar," using the board to show his method of teaching Grammar, after which the work of the institute was closed.

Reputation with posterity has ever been esteemed one of the most powerful incentives to deeds of heroism, and one modern school of philosophy recognizes it as the only true immortality of man, the enduring beneficent influence of his virtuous actions. If, however, the fabric of our civilization were seen to be tottering it is plain that this particular stimulus to virtue would fail. But "Is our Civilization Perishable?" The question is asked in the "North American Review" for March, by Judge J. A. Jameson, who considers the several agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be effected. In the same number of the "Review" there is an article of extraordinary interest on "Agricultural Politics in England," by Wm. E. Bear, editor of the "Mark Lane Express." "Defenceless Sea-board," by Gen. H. A. Smalley, is a description of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States; and though the author employs none of the arts of the rhetorician, his statement cannot fail to awaken the people of this country to the importance of being in peace prepared for war. "Neither Genius nor Martyr," is the judgement pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hyneman Rhine, whose contribution to the Carlyle controversy is characterized by much force. In "The Story of a Nomination," W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second presidential term was brought about. Other articles are, "Literary Resurrectionists," by Charles T. Congdon; "How to Improve the Mississippi," by Robert S. Taylor, and "The Constitutionality of Repudiation," by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise. Published at Lafayette Place, New York.

POTTER AUDIT.—The Aditors of Potter Twp. will meet at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall, on 2d Monday of March, 10, next, at 9 a.m. to audit the accounts of the Overseer and Supervisors of said township, when all parties interested can attend. WM. P. MINGLE,

27feb3t Auditor.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

The dedication of the M. E. church, at Filmore, on Sunday, 24, was a grand success. People gathered in at about 10 o'clock, when Rev. Dr. Ed. Gray, of Dickinson Seminary, was introduced and preached a very strong sermon, after which he asked the people for $500 which was the remaining debt upon the church. The congregation was made up largely of young folks and numbered in all less than 300 persons. Everybody seemed to be in a giving humor, and subscriptions came in fast. In about an hour and a half the amount called for was raised, three-fifths of which was in cash. By this time it was noon, and the doxology was sung and all went home. At 6:30 in the evening Rev. Penepacker, of Bellefonte, took the stand and delivered a very affecting discourse upon "Truth and Freedom," after which Dr. Gray again asked the people for an additional $100 to pay for an organ, and soon three-fourths of the amount was made up and the choir assumed the balance. Then came the dedicatory ceremony, and the house was left in the care of the Lord God of Israel as a place to meet His children and they to meet Him. May this meeting be ever carried on. S.

Palliser's Useful Details is the best work of its kind ever used, and at one-quarter the price of any previous attempt and also contains twice as much material. The ideas or designs need not be used as a whole. The parts being complete in themselves, they can be combined so as to produce different results. No matter what kind of a job is to be done, the book contains the idea to help out When one looks at the contents in detail, it is surprising that so much can be given at so low a price. Only $3 for these 40 plates—only 7½ cents each—which furnish the mechanic nearly eleven hundred ideas, and practical ideas that they want and use every day. We are glad to be able to commend this work so warmly. It is just what has been needed by the building community; in fact we do not exaggerate when we say that no builder who wishes to make money by making the building he erects look beautiful can afford to do without this valuable work.

When one sees the prodigality with which the authors have made public their ideas, one cannot but smile afresh at the remark of an English Architect "D'ye know, I wouldn't be doing that ye know. When I got an idea I wouldn't be giving it to the other fellows; I'd be keeping it for my own work, ye know."

—The weather this week is very damp and disagreeable again. On Tuesday snow came down in flakes large as ginger cakes, but could only keep up ½ hour at that rate.

—Mr. D. Hess, at Linden Hall, has sold his store to Wm. Keller, of Centre Hall, and W. K. Alexander, of Millheim.

—Prof. Groff, of the Lewisburg University, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture, in the Ref. church, of this place on last Friday evening, on "Healthful Homes" which contained many useful hints.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In 1875, thirteen men comprised the entire working force used in the manufacture of the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*. Now over *five hundred* are employed, and the number is constantly increasing. The reason of this increase is this: In the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* all the metal in sight and subject to wear is *solid gold*, while the remainder, which only lends strength to the case, is of stronger metal than gold, giving gold where gold is needed, and strong, elastic metal where strength and elasticity are needed, a combination producing a watch case *better* than solid gold and at ONE-HALF the cost.

Over 200,000 of these cases have been sold, and every jeweler in the country can testify to their quality and merit.

LUDINGTON, MICH., Dec. 6, 1881.

E. W. Marsh, of the *Enterprise*, bought a Jas. Boss' Gold Watch case 16 years ago, and carried it until a short time ago, when I purchased it, and sold it to a customer. The case showed no signs of wear, except that natural to any case, and I am satisfied can be safely guaranteed for at least ten years more. I have sold the James Boss' Gold Watch Case for many years, and the parties who bought the first ones are carrying them to-day, as well satisfied as though they had bought a solid gold case costing twice the money. I regard them as the only cases of this kind a jeweler should sell who desires to give his customers the worth of their money or values his reputation.

WM. J. CUSHWAY, Jeweler.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)

DR. KESSLER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH COUGH MEDICINE.

The reliable and never failing standby in croup and whooping cough unequaled as a remedy in colds and all lung troubles. Do not waste time and money and endanger precious lives experimenting with worthless medicines, but get the best at once.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

McDonald's improved liver pills are indorsed by eminent physicians and used by them in their daily practice. Trial package free.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

For smallness of dose, easiest to take and effectiveness as a worm destroyer McDonald's celebrated worm powders surpass any vermifuge on earth. Entirely vegetable.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

Dr. Kessler's cough medicine, McDonald's improved liver pills and celebrated worm powders are sold, and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, and all druggists and dealers in medicines.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & Co.
Philadelphia, agents.

ST. ELMO HOTEL.

No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dec1

WANTED!

10,000 CROSS TIES,

White-oak, Rock-oak and Chestnut, to be delivered along the line of Lewisburg & Tyrone Railroad. For further information apply to Grove & Wolf at the saw-mill, or Wm. Wolf & Son, Centre Hall.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, February 18.

Sarah Bernhardt is arraging for a tour in America.

M. Gayarre, a tenor, has made a triumphant debut in Paris. He took the house by storm.

President Wilbur, of the Lehigh Valley road, pronounces the report of the lease of the line to the Pennsylvania as premature.

There are several indications that Mr. Vanderbilt is trying to get control of the Rock Island road and displace President Cable.

The steamer Nevada, which arrived on Saturday from Liverpool, burst her cylinder on Thursday about 300 miles east of Sandy Hook.

The Brush-Swan Electric Light company began last night to illuminate the city of Norfolk, Va. No other city in that state is lighted by electricity.

The governors of various provinces in the west and south of Russia have applied for reinforcements of troops, as the peasants are threatening landlords.

Tuesday, February 19.

The McPherson banking bill is to be considered this week by congress.

The French engineers are busily at work along De Lessep's Panama canal.

Wall street is somewhat troubled over prospective heavy exports of gold.

The Egyptian soldiers at Cairo are mutinous, and the whole army is considered worthless.

An annalysis of Morrison's tariff bill has been made showing its exact effect on various industries.

Gen. Gordon has reached Khartoum and issued a proclamation partially recognizing El Mahdi's authority.

The editor of The Prescott, Ariz., Miner was burned to death while trying to rescue papers from the office.

F. Y. Conant, who murdered Al. McClellan at Norwich, Ct., was held to await the action of the grand jury.

Wednesday, February 20.

The Massachusetts assembly voted to furnish books and other school supplies to public school pupils free.

The postmaster at Mitchell, Dak., has been removed, and the office is under the charge of his bondsmen. He is accused of embezzlement.

Three robbers broke into Jacobs' cigar shop, at East Greenville, Pa., on Sunday night. Jacobs fired six times, and they fled. One of them was found badly wounded.

Senator Dawes was authorized by the senate committee on Indian affairs to favorably report a bill providing for the punishment of trespassers on Indian lands.

Senator Cockrell of the committee on military affairs reported a bill yesterday to provide that the 179 abandoned military reservations be sold at not less than $1.25 an acre.

William G. Morris, a grandson of Gouverneur Morris, died of pneumonia at Sitka recently. He was collector of customs.

Thursday, February 21.

Six residents of Wheeling, W. Va., lost their lives by railroad accidents yesterday.

Election returns from the interior of Pennsylvania generally show Republican victories.

A severe cyclone yesterday destroyed much property and caused several deaths in Georgia.

Mr. Bradlaugh (Radical) has been elected for the fourth time to parliament from Northampton.

The president gave a card reception last evening in honor of the members of the senate and house of representative.

Governor Stockley, of Delaware, has pardoned Mary E. Meteer, a negress, sentenced for life in 1873 for child murder.

The lightning express train on the Wabash Railroad was wrecked near Glenwood, Mo., yesterday morning. Six passengers were injured.

In the house of commons the motion to censure the government for its policy in Egypt was defeated by a vote of 311 to 262.

The San Francisco Chronicle alleges that prominent eastern and trunk railroads have united to form a pool to defeat anti-railroad and land grant legislation.

The Nebraska Stockyards Company was organized at Lincoln yesterday, capital, $1,000,000.

Friday, February 22.

One thousand coal miners about Pittsburg are on a strike.

The Maine Republican state convention will meet at Bangor on April 30.

A call for $10,000,000 three per cent. bonds was issued from the treasury yesterday.

Nova Scotia coal miners oppose the removal of the duty on coal in reciprocity with the United States.

The Thatcher will case in Boston is reopened on the ground of new and important evidence having been discovered.

Five firemen were injured by the falling of the southern wall at the ruins of Lathbury's mill, Philadelphia.

Four hundred and fifty men and boys were thrown out of work yesterday by the flooding of the Stanton mine, near Wilkes-barre.

A break in the railroad pool is threatened by a Chicago house offering rates to Boston at lower prices than could be afforded at pool rates.

A syndicate of prominent eastern California capitalists, backed by a wealthy German house, have completed contracts with Hawaiian sugar planters for their crop.

The secretary of the treasury has appointed George Garfield superintendent of the public building at Pensacola. Mr. Garfield is a first cousin of the ex-president.

A bill depriving the board of aldermen of New York city of the power to confirm nominations by the mayor was passed yesterday by the assembly in Albany.

Mr. Judah P. Benjamin denies that he ever wrote any letter asking an introduction to Lord Lyons for the purpose of securing the recognition by the British government of the Confederate states' government.

Saturday, February 23.

It is intended to evacuate Baeroth. Troops are hurrying to the front.

The harbor dues on cotton entering the Mersey docks have been reduced sixteen per cent.

Gov. Pattison has issued a warrant for the execution of John Coyle, Jr., of York county, Pa. The hanging will take place April 25.

Efforts are to be made to stop the smuggling that is carried on between the United States and Canada.

John and James O'Brien, James Foley, William Casey and Joseph Sparling have been held for the murder of William J. Pugh, in Philadelphia, last Tuesday.

Cairo's Great Danger.

CAIRO, Ill., Feb. 23.—At Mound City two or three small slides occurred during Thursday night and a large one Friday morning, the latter on the back levee north of the town which threatened to inundate the town. It will take the untiring efforts of the citizens to save the city. The water reaches to the top of the levee. Everything possible is being done to save the town.

MISS ALMY BURIED.

Funeral of the Unfortunate Suicide—Andre's Condition Critical.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—The coffin that was first prepared for the reception of the body of Jennie H. Almy, who shot Victor H. Andre and killed herself on Tuesday, was a cheap stained white wood box with no plate. Last evening it was exchanged for a costly coffin lined with white satin. On the silver plate Miss Almy's age was given as twenty-four. The funeral took place this morning from the Little Church Around the Corner in East Twenty-ninth street. Dr. Houghton conducted the services. The interment was at Woodlawn cemetery, in a grave which a woman whose name is withheld has bought for the purpose. It is said that the expenses of the funeral will be paid by the man who paid for Miss Almy's education. Capt. Gunner had a talk with this man yesterday. He said he had not married the girl because they had quarreled.

Miss Almy's body was put into the coffin, wrapped in a shroud of white merino and satin. The coffin lid was covered with white flowers.

Capt. Gunner said that Andre had gone to a lawyer last week and inquired how he could be released from his engagement to Miss Almy. She learned of this, and also believed that he had contracted another engagement. On Monday last she wrote her last note to Andre, begging him to let her hear from him, as she could not bear his silence. The captain found two bank books in her room, but there was very little money to her credit. There had been $200, but Miss Long said that Miss Almy had drawn it out to buy her trousseau.

It is reasserted that Andre is a grand nephew of Major Andre, and it is also said that the crown prince of Germany stood godfather to him. Andre was reported at the hospital to be steadily failing. He passed a bad night, suffering greatly, and had another hemorrhage in the morning. He had eaten nothing, and was greatly weakened by the loss of blood.

REASONS FOR WITHDRAWING.

Why Gen. Winslow Resigned the Presidency.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—It having been officially announced that Gen. E. F. Winslow had resigned the office of president of the North River Construction company, and the resignation took place a week ago, although not made public, a reporter called at the offices of the company in the Mills building, and there received the following explanation of Gen. Winslow's reason for resigning, and the name of the official who is now acting as President: "Upon the appointment of a receiver of the North River Construction company," said the official spoken with, "all the powers of the board of directors and officers passed to the receiver. The company having completed the work for which it was organized nothing now remains to be done except to settle its accounts and liquidate its indebtedness. The directors have been enjoined from exercising the duties usually devolving on the board, therefore Gen. Winslow resigned his position, leaving Col. Walter Katte, the vice-president, to act as head of the company."

A Rochester Physician Arrested.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 15.—The sudden death of an aged woman here named Evans, during the last week in January, aroused suspicion that Dr. Alonzo R. Sherman, of this city, had been guilty of malpractice. A coroner's jury, however, acquitted him. On February 2 Dr. Sherman was arrested, charged with malpractice on an eighteen-year-old girl who gave her name as Louise Wilson, but whose real name is Louisa Schlafor. At a boarding house where she lay very ill she told the district attorney that she had been living in the country near this city with a man named Murphy; that Dr. Sherman treated her, and that she had secreted herself in the boarding house to avoid her parents. As she was too ill to appear in court, the doctor was released on bail, and a policeman was set to watch the house where the girl lay. The policeman was in a sitting room adjoining her bed room conversing with a number of boarders, when he received a note to look sharp. He went to the bed room only to find the girl had been helped out of the window and had escaped. Mrs. Nannie M. Tripp, keeper of the boarding house, and John McElroy, a boarder, were arrested, charged with complicity in the abduction of the girl. They are now on bail, but not one to the girls whereabouts has been [illegible] tained.

Bradlaugh Tactily Resigns.

LONDON, Feb. 13.—Mr. Bradlaugh has applied for the "Chiltern Hundreds." This is equivalent to a resignation of his seat in the house of commons. No office having emolument attached can be conferred by the crown on a member without his thereby vacating his seat, and it is only by obtaining office that a member can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose upon him even against his will; the crown, therefore, for the convenience of the house, is always willing to confer on any member "the stewardship of her majesty's Chiltern Hundreds, the stewardship of the Manor of Poynings, or East Hendred and Northstead or the escheatorship of Munster," sinecures which he continues to hold until some other member solicits a similar accommodation. By his action, Mr. Bradlaugh has rendered himself no longer liable to penalty of £4,500. In the house of commons Mr. Labouchere moved that a new writ be issued for an election in Northampton to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Bradlaugh. The motion was rejected by a vote of 53 to 145. But after some discussion the writ was issued.

Booming Logan in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Politicians from all parts of the state are here to attend the meeting of the state central committee. They are booming Logan for president so heartily that is thought even by Logan's opponents in politics, that there is no use attempting to organize an opposition. In state politics, Oglesby seems to have the preference for governor, but the friends of Hamilton, the present incumbent, are strong and well armed for the fight. Both candidates are here and the friends of both are talking so loud that both seem to be looming up plenty. The convention will probably be called for April 16, at Springfield, and the rule of separate district conventions will be adopted.

Crazed in a Lightship.

HYANNIS, Mass., Feb. 13.—Capt. Corey, commanding the lightship here, [illegible]. On Saturday last he was noticed to be acting strangely and late in the evening became so bad that he was tied by the crew. Capt. Collins came ashore here and telegraphed Capt. Gibbs at Woodsholl.

Binghamton Elections.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 13.—At the city election Dr. George A. Thayer (Dem) was elected mayor by over 800 majority over Daniel Lyons (Rep.) and W. H. Stillwell (Prob.). The Democrats also elected the whole city ticket, with all the aldermen and supervisors, and are celebrating the victory with bonfires, fireworks, music and speeches.

A CENTENARIAN DEAD.

Huntingdon, Feb. 21.—Katie Johnston, colored, wife of Henry Johnston, of this city, died this morning at the advanced age of one hundred and four years. She was in possession of all her faculties up to the time of her death and was remarkably active for one of her age. Being born in slavery in Maryland she was liberated in 1839, after which she moved to Pennsylvania. Her husband, who survives her, is but a few years her junior.

—Sechlers have just opened a full line of choice family groceries and provisions, such as teas, coffees, sugars, spices, canned goods, dried fruits, meats, nuts, oysters, fine candies, fish, syrups, etc., together with glass, china, wood and willow ware, and household supplies of all kinds at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind. Meat Market.—Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 25, 1884.

(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Feb.	53	—60a61½
Wheat	"	91½	—1 03½
Oats	"	32	—43¾
Pork	"	18 05	
Lard	"	9 60	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	1 00
White & Mixed	95
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter 18; tallow, 6; lard 10; ham, 10½; shoulder, 10; bacon or side, 10; eggs per dozen 18 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.25; Chestnut 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter	20a25c per lb	Lard	12c per lb
Eggs	18c per doz	Onions	50c per bu
Potatoes	50c per bu	Turnips	15c per bu
Apples	80c to $ per bu	Celery	50c per doz
Chickens	50c per pair	Apple Butter	15c per qt

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. E. Brown.)

Produce—Butter 30, eggs 30, ham 16 shoulders 13, sides 12½, lard 13, potatoes 55—by Valentines' Store.

MARRIED.

Feb. 19, by Rev. W. W. Criley, Mr. W. H. Love, of Centre Hall, and Miss Maggie V. Evey, of Altoona, Pa.

On 14 inst., by Rev. J. Tomlinson, Mr. J. B. Crawford to Miss M. A. Miller, both of Spring Mills.

Feb. 7, by Rev. U. Conley, James G. Clark and Miss Annie M. Ramsberger, both of Buffalo Run.

Feb. 14th, by Rev. J. Alfred Koser, John Cole and Sarah M. Taylor, both of Loveville, Centre county.

On same day and by same, Samuel R. Moore, of Boalsburg, and Martha E. Danneby, of Pine Grove Mills.

DIED.

On 15th inst., in Georges Valley, Levi Reeder, aged 63 years, 8 months, 15 days.

The deceased was found dead in his barn-yard from the effects of heart disease.

WE ARE SELLING

TODAY.

Nails at $2.75 Basis. Bar Iron at 1½ Cents.

Lewis' Pure White Lead at $6.50. Mixed Paints, all colors, very low.

Door Locks at 25 cents and 35 cents each. Thum Latches at 4 and 5 cents each.

Long handled Iron Shovels at 35 and 40 cents each.

GOOD SETS OF AXLES AT $2.50.

Good Hickory Fellows at 75c per pair. Good finished hickory Poles at 75c. Bright Springs 8½ to 9½c per pound. Finished hickory Shafts at 50 to 60 cts. per pair.

Dash leather, Duk, Duck, Rubber, Drill.

LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN.

Wood screws, Carriage and Tar bolts almost at the price of bar iron per lb. Ask or write for prices.

One-strap Horse blanket at 75c each.
Two-strap " " 85c "

Buffalo Robes, Lap Robes, Whips, &c., very low. Call and see them. We are selling the largest stock of goods we ever sold.

MACHINE BOLTS

from 4½ inches to 30 inches by ½x¾. You need not make them any more. We sell them at about the price you pay for the round iron. Think of 14½x½ machine bolts, square heads and nuts and screws for 10 to 15 cents each.

Great Reduction in Shades and Shadings.

Shades, plain, fringed and scol'op d lower than ever.

The newest styles of Dado, Picturesque and Artistic shades, beautiful in design and finish.

Horse Shoes at $4.50 Per Keg.

Steel and Iron Harrow Teeth. Tool Steel never was as low.

Cedar tubs, galvanized and iron bands, Painted Pails, Step Ladders, Matches, Twines, Paper Bags, &c., &c., never were so low in price and as good in quality.

Dupont's Powder,

Rifle, Maning, Eagle, Bar Lead, Shot, &c.

10,000 PIECES WALL PAPERS

From five cents a bolt up to any price you want them; no trouble to show them. Come and look at them if you don't want them, just to see how pretty they are. Centres, Ceilings, Brackets, Finest Stylings in plain and gilt.

SILVER WARE.

Our Silver Ware Cases will soon be open for inspection. A full branch of Silver ware, Knives, Forks, Castors, &c., will be opened at unheard of low prices.

BIRD CAGES, Japan and Brass. Our full stock just in, 25 per cent lower than last season.

Brushes of all kinds. Brooms of all kinds, Very low.

On application our catalogue and price lists will be mailed to any one. Trade supplied with all our merchandise at trade prices, which on comparison will be found as low as eastern prices.

F. G. FRANCISCUS,
feb26tf Lewistown, Pa.